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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY OF CIVILISATION.

History of Civilisation. By W. A. Mackinnon, F.R.S. M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans.

REFERRING to our first notice of this observant and practical view of the progress and effects of civilisation, we think it due to the importance of the subject, the manner of its treatment, and the ability and position of the author, to offer it a second tribute. Civilisation is a slow coach: there is no railway, but rather snailway, speed in the rate at which it travels. Even in the parliamentary life of the individual to whom we owe these volumes there are striking instances of this fact. Year after year Mr. Mackinnon has earnestly advocated two public measures, upon the beneficial effects of which, if carried, there are not two opinions in the empire. And yet carried they are not! They are met on the threshold with objections and obstacles the nature of which it is impossible to grapple with; and all we can ascertain about them is, that they prevent the improvement which civilisation not only suggests, but loudly demands. Still do we breathe an atmosphere of stifling smoke; still do we huddle together our dead in the vaults of churches and intramural burying-grounds. Vain and useless is the science which could give us, in the heart of London or Manchester, a clear and wholesome air, preserve us from being black-balled wherever we went in a thick and muggy day, and brace our spirits in unison with an elastic frame of body. Vain and unavailing are the outcry, and the revelations almost too disgusting for belief, respecting the desecration of the Christian burial-grounds within the capital of the British isles. The wisdom of all periods is despised by our boasted intellectual era. What antiquity avoided—what Egypt, and Israel, and Greece, and Rome provided for with decency and due regard to the feelings and welfare of the living—is performed by us (well may the phrase “Funerals Performed” be applied to the revolting ceremony!) in a manner worthy of the justly styled dark ages in which it was superstitiously originated. There is some stove or fireplace in the one case, some fee or parish-job in the other, which prevail against the universal sense of mankind, and perpetuate nuisances of the most noxious order. Mr. Mackinnon may raise his voice in the House, or publish his ideas in pamphlets or books,—the Civilisation will bide its time, and “slow march” are the words of command at which that vaunted principle moves in respect to great, and actual, and easily accomplished improvements.

“Let us (observes Mr. M.) mention the advantages now evident in the lower classes, particularly in a greater degree of personal cleanliness; a better and improved mode of promoting the health of towns and populous districts by drainage, ventilation, and, let us hope, the removal of those shocking nuisances, burials, within their precincts. In terms of the dead among the living are, indeed, an abomination, equally injurious to the health of the community, to public decency, and to that sacred and awful sentiment which ought to fill the heart of every Christian when he enters the house of his Maker. This feeling, however, cannot but decline under the influence of noisome effluvia, and fear of pestilence, engendered in sacred edifices where the remains of mortality are interred. This custom does not originate with Christianity, as some erroneously imagine, but came into fashion at a later period. Let us not, however, dwell on this

subject: suffice it to remark that England, the most civilised country in the world, is the last to emerge from barbarism in this respect.”

But these thoughts are, perhaps, not strictly applicable to, though suggested by, the work before us; for, with all its drawbacks, the author is (as who must not be?) anxiously favourable to the progress of civilisation. Some of his reasoning is very demonstrative and convincing on this branch of his subject, and stated in the plain sensible manner which, in all such arguments, makes the strongest impression. Thus:

“Amongst those evils, if they may be so styled, which are alleged to arise from an improved state of society, is the excessive anxiety for gain, now so prevalent in all classes. Since wealth has become the chief, if not the only, source of power in nations or individuals, and has enabled the latter to obtain the conveniences and enjoyments of life, and thereby to improve their position in the several grades of society, the desire and restless activity that pervade mankind in pursuit of this end is excessive. Such a restless state is certainly not preferable to the quiet progress of human existence found in those to whom such a pursuit is not familiar. From this desire to improve their condition—a feeling that has certainly added much to national wealth and individual enjoyment, yet, like all other passions, carried to an extreme, is not to be encouraged—schemes have arisen, and speculations been devised, likely in many instances to disturb the peace and cause serious injury to many.”

“Another evil, much felt by those in active pursuits, has been that which has arisen from overtrading, that is, either entering into some speculation in trade or commerce, or, from the hope of gain, being induced to give longer or more extensive credit than prudence would justify. Both to the trading part and to others much injury is thereby occasioned. It seems difficult to encourage an extensive trade at home, or a great commerce abroad, without a very considerable extent of credit; but this, like all other regulations, may be abused and extended too far; and it may be repeated, that the system, so prevalent in England, of giving long credit, in place of paying at a short period, ought to be avoided. It may be argued, that the immense money-transactions that take place between England and all parts of the world could not be carried on without credit. This is true, but often that credit is extended much beyond any reasonable time. How many failures have been occasioned by this system—how many worthy and honourable men have, by giving too extended a credit to their foreign correspondents, lost the fruits of years of anxiety and toil! Such has been the case in many mercantile establishments in our outports, and even in the metropolis, during several years past.”

And his conclusions are cheering. Heaven hasten them!

“In the middle ages, each nation, each country, each town, and even each feudal castellated mansion, was enclosed and concentrated, and kept apart from its surrounding equals, either by fear, jealousy, dislike, or prejudice. In the present day, on the contrary, the same parties have all a tendency to amalgamation. Information and facility of communication cement the nations at a distance from each other, and each takes an interest in the events, in the adversity or prosperity, of the other. There is less difference at present in language, in sentiment, and in character, between nations separated by the Atlantic, than there existed in the middle ages between two cities separated only by a river. ‘The

progress of mechanical science, and its fusion of nations one with another, will assuredly render war as absurd and impossible, by-and-by, as it would be for Manchester to fight with Birmingham, or Holborn Hill with the Strand.’ Before the light of civilisation many crimes have ceased, many maladies have disappeared, and the life of man has increased in a manner commensurate with his enjoyments. Human nature has become less cruel. The scaffold is not so often used; the stake is not visible; the faggot is no longer lighted; the various instruments of torture, with the rack and wheel, are preserved only as objects of curiosity in our museums, and, when seen, are beheld with a grateful adoration to Providence that human nature is no longer subject to such inflictions and such abominations. Knowledge is now freed from the monopoly of cloistered indolence or exclusive societies. A bright prospect opens to our view. The energies of the human race appear in the main to have taken the right direction; a sense of justice pervades the community; the minds of men are opened; information is continually increased; and the superior extent of talent displayed by the journalists of our time, when compared with former days, is manifested. Numbers now can obtain information and enjoy literature to whom the new mechanical powers, now brought into general use, afford sufficient means and leisure to acquire knowledge. Some danger, however, may arise in parts of the European continent, or in other countries where national amelioration is taking place, that the desire for liberal institutions, so natural to man, may occasion communities to make those sudden changes that might outrun the diffusion of the requisites for civilisation, and thereby retard by internal convulsions the march of improvement.”

“For countless centuries have mankind overlooked the advantages placed in their reach and under their control by the bountiful hand of the Creator. Nearly nineteen hundred years have elapsed, and the world might have improved had the virtues of the early and primitive followers of Christianity remained, and, as mentioned in the introduction, had not felt the hand of worldly-minded men. On the surface of the earth, means are to be found of increasing the wealth, population, and enjoyments of men ten, twenty, or a hundred fold; and means equally prolific are under the soil, in coal and minerals. Not only, however, was this globe formerly unproductive both on its surface and in the ground, but the minds of the people seem likewise to have remained fallow:—the opportunity of cultivating the sciences and improving mechanical inventions, of creating wealth to themselves, and of promoting the welfare of their fellow-creatures, by the use of steam-power, and by all those emanations of skill, activity, and enterprise, now promoting happiness and extending civilisation, was not attempted, or unknown.”

The whole is thus summed up:

“In the preceding pages it has been my humble but anxious endeavour to shew, that in proportion as those elements or requisites for civilisation mentioned in the early part of this work are disseminated throughout a community, nations are enabled, by the common accord and influence of public opinion, not only to establish institutions and to frame laws that secure their lives, their property, and their freedom, but also to model and apply substances placed by Providence under their control in such a manner as to ameliorate their condition. What a difference between London as

it now presents itself, and the few scattered huts dotted over its site in the days of the Heptarchy! With the elements of civilisation, improvements in the condition of the people have increased in a similar manner. What a change in the moral and physical condition of this country have eight centuries achieved! Man in the savage or barbarous state is little elevated above the brute creation; yet the moral principle, though dormant, is inherent in his nature. In such a state, the physical world of matter lies quiescent and unsought for, although within his reach. The former are brought out and expanded by the true principles of revealed religion, the pure source whence all morality flows; and the physical combinations of mechanical power by which the latter are moulded in his hands for his use and benefit, follow almost as a natural consequence. It appears, therefore, that man, under the influence of a pure religious sentiment, with the aid of his mental and physical powers brought into exertion, and well applied, rises (even in this world), into a superior state of existence."

CENTO.—POETRY.

Belisarius; a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By W. R. Scott. Saunders and Otley.

The author thinks, and we hope, he could do better than this *cento*, written at college some four years ago, and now sent forth as a pilot-balloon to elicit public opinion either for sanctioning or discouraging future attempts. Loath are we to incline to the latter verdict; but from the sample we would seriously advise Mr. Scott not to attempt any more tragedies. The style is literally desperate and misanthropic, beyond the wildest of juvenile or collegiate composition. Narses, the enemy of Belisarius, opens the scene with a soliloquy, wherein he declares to himself his insatiable vengeance. "And is not," he asks himself—

"And is not this the man I hoped to blight,
That Belisarius I had thought to crush
By this relentless hand that now remains
Uneasy, yet inactive, at my side?
Is, then, my envy slaked, my vengeance soothed,
His obstinacy quelled, his daughter mine?
Ah, no! there, there the torture—there the sting
That goads me maddened on; oh, for his ruin,
Coupled with her who yet shall be my own,
Have I committed crimes my former self
Had shrunk from in dismay. Yet dare not pause,
But must and will I on, till with a grasp,
Enslaved by despair, I cast him down
To hell's unfathomed depths, whence if he rise!
May the accursed legions torture him,
Bind him with serpents whose venomous fangs
With fearful crash shall drag him down again:
Whence if he rise! let scorpions' fiery cords
Lash him with triple rage—their tongues the while
Preying with greedy mood upon his vitals.
Here may he live, though dead, and living die
For time's enduring, never-ending space!
May his expiring breath be ever drawn
With such convulsive agonising pangs,
That the infernal chasms may resound
And echo with the shock. But, ha! that noise!
Is it the tread of these unearthly fiends
To aid my dark and gloomy dreams of hell?"

It is lucky that some one approaches to interrupt this horrible fury. What is meant by the longing for the father's "ruin, coupled with her (the daughter) whom the aforesaid Narses determines yet shall be his own," we cannot explain; but this we know, that Milton's hell, within the lowest depth a lower still, is but a poor, miserable affair to this Scott's hell. As for Dante: pooh!

Perhaps after so inimitable an example of the terrific, our readers will not call upon us to go through every scene or act; but we cannot dismiss so striking a production without offering also, just before the curtain would drop if the play were played on the stage, a specimen of the wretched and dying. Theodora has stabbed herself, saying:

"There yet
Remains one path, one dread, one lonely path,
I must—I will pursue! Death, death! thou final judge,
Dread retributor of the fall of man,
Punish a woman's shame! Come, dagger—come!
Thy cold, cold steel shall drink ere long the blood
That drains my guilty heart.
Sink—sink, thou dagger! Do thy speedy work."

And the work being done, she makes a dying swan of herself, as follows:

"Ha! ha! 'tis done, 'tis done! (Pause.)
Oh, death! I thought thou wouldst have buried all
In dark oblivion—but, no; it seems as if
The long-lulled, smothered accents of remorse
Now broke—broke wildly forth!
Oh, how my stifled conscience now awakes,
And while it points with fiery finger there,
Turning my gaze to chronicles of guilt
Writ with the pen of blood, it tells—it tells
With voice—and, ah! not still or stifled now,
That not a thousand deaths of agony
Can wash the record of one crime away!

(Theodora dies.)
Narses. Dead! dead! she, too, is dead, my mother!
My mother—ha! then I am a matricide!
A matricide! oh, oh! (Groans heavily.)
Ay, matricide! but for my crimes, yon corpse
Would yet survive her shame. A murderer,
A matricide, a bastard-suicide!
Heaven, heaven! did'er another reap such crimes
From one pure virtue—love! (A pause.)

But see,
A filmy veil comes passing o'er my eyes;
My sight grows dim; a weight hangs on my breast;
It presses—oh, remove it! See—the air alive
With floating spirits eager to escort
My downward path to hell! Hush, hush!
Let silence reign. Oh, death! thou art—nay, nay—
Oh, take me; take me not! (Narses dies.)

Oh, if Belisarius had but the good fortune to be deaf as well as blind, he might have been spared this affliction! He must have given his last obulus for the privation!

The Grange Magazine: a Series of Papers in Prose and Verse. By the Pupils of the Grange School. Vol. 1, 2d edition. Nos. 1, 2, and 3, of Vol. 11. Cambridge and Edinburgh, Grants.

THESE are the effusions from a large and, if we may judge from the fruits, apparently actively conducted educational establishment near Sunderland, where the pupils are led to exercise and cultivate their talents after the manner which, in bygone days, did honour to the early genius of Eton and Harrow and other great schools. Such means we have always considered to be desirable adjuncts to drier studies. They induce habits of thinking, and they provoke wholesome emulation. It is only necessary that they should be carefully and beneficially directed. In the present instance, as in most others, the youthful writers, for the most part, produce a reflex of the popular literature of the day; though, in some cases, scholastic and classical subjects have been adopted. We could wish there had been more of them and less of the other; for it must be confessed, that our popular literature of the day is of a very trifling and unsatisfactory character. When we meet it in its original form, we may be momentarily amused and have our laugh, feeling, at the same time, that there is a great deal too much of it abroad; but when it comes re-echoed to us by youthful imitators, however clever, its intrinsic worthlessness becomes impressed upon the mind, and we are the more sensible of its usurping the place of better things. The flimsy and deteriorating nature of far too large a proportion of the lower periodical press, which is widely diffused, must, when followed as an example, not only taint the youthful mind, but usurp the time of beneficial studies, and pervert the taste from all that can be essentially valuable in future life. Here, for example, we have a humorous story of blowing up a beadle with gunpowder,—a boyish freak, but by no means a pattern in the way of instruction:

"We then as quietly as possible drove the two nails into the strong wooden door-posts about a foot from the ground, and stretched between them the strong cord—two or three turns more and it is quite firm—now for it: 'Harry, lay a train of powder from the door to that beech, and when I shout, apply the match. Away the rest of you behind the beeches.' Thus speaking, we turned to the door, and saluted the beadle with, 'Hallo, porpoise, how's your proboscis?' Down he rushed—swung open the door, and, tripping over the cord, was the next instant rolling along the ground like a Dutch cheese, enveloped in the smoke of the gunpowder. His rage was unutterable; but alas,

poor beadle! by the time that he could see an inch before him we were sitting in our own homes, choking with laughter at this downfall of dignity. Then we have a "Rime of the Ancyente Marner," who ventures on a rope that swung across the sea:

"Backwards and forwards swung the rope,
With short, uneasy motion;
Like hen upon a frying pan,
I kicked above the ocean."

We would also rather discourage than encourage such as the following:

"Virgil. Book v. Line 363.

"The races are o'er, and Aeneas the wise
Looks smiling from under his very blue eyes,
Waves his hand, and with baccy and new clay pipe,
Majestically orders three dozen of swipes;
Gives to each man denarii three,
And says, Ye mariners bold and free
That rove far and wide o'er the stormy sea,
Don't be in a funk,
Get jolly well-drunk,
As drunk as you ever can manage to be."

The style of these ebullitions would do no credit to the system—it but equals the penny periodical trash on which it is framed; but there are parts of a higher and more suitable order, which we would advise the Grange School pupils more sedulously to pursue, while they eschew the low pseudo-amateurism of those who trouble the muddest puddles in the pathways of letters. The following, though of the same genus, and exaggerated, is somewhat better:

"*The Catiline Conspiracy; a History, by C. Sallustius, done in English Carlyle-wise, for practice (in sum) to the Neophyte Ghost-cased of the Grange School.*"
Ch. I.—Major Premises.

"Every manfullest man, world-struggling to excel, maintains deadliest strife with voiceless silence; inarticulate sloth. For what is speechless do-nothing, but the no-life of brutes; mud-groveling; mangler led? But our power is of the mind; corporeal, incorporeal, God-like, brute-like. For what is the inner self of us but Divine Force: and what on clothes-covering but a case of instruments—a well-packed tools-chest? Therefore does each virtuous man, with spirit-tools, make the inarticulate speak; The Great-obscure-heave-Elephant-disphragm to utter voice; fame-winged, world-filling. For the millionnaire, Cressus-wise, is not honoured in reverent heart; worshipping the Spirit-woven. George IV.s and Beau Brummels are not baptised, Achilles-like, in life-waters; pall-covered, or of velvet texture, or linsey-woolsey, their tumult-fame streamlet is swallowed up in oceans of Eternity. Man-ness (virtus), man-force; that is it; inner essence evolved, butterfly fashion: man-force spread out in octavo or duodecimo pages; throned forth, Hercules-wise, in Hydra-lion struggle places man in Man's Heaven-framment, imagination-built, to shine in the conflux of eternity, star-twinkling or moon-bright; ever waxing. Now there was, in world-going times, much word-strife whether Simoon forays in Debateable lands, and Strategic-Alexander war-storms came more from mind-force or limb-force. For before you more plume-wavy, sword-dight, you must make plans, mind-plans, or map-plans, and when ye have planned, ye must eagle-wise swoop down upon the prey. So mind-force without limb-force is naught; and Austerlitz plans fail without Austerlitz Napoleon."

"EXPO-CARLYLE."
Remarks on the Persians of Æschylus are more appropriate and laudable in a school-book (p. 95, vol. ii.); but we might quote a burlesque, the "Boat-Song," immediately after; which shews that, whether in the right course or the wrong, this method of training sharpens the wits of the Grangers. Enough to refer to it.

Holy Times and Scenes. Pp. 79. Cambridge, Walters; London, Burns.

VERSES on various religious topics, dated "St. John's, Cambridge, Conversion of St. Paul, 1846," of which the subjoined may serve as samples:

"The Annunciation."

Lol from heaven, quick descending,
Comes the blessed Gabriel,
And his course to Mary wending;
Beareth words ineffable.

Now the devil's power is shaking,
Yet he knows not why or how.

Remember, Lord, thy church's sins no more,
Bind up her gaping wounds, her sickness cure,
Break all her bonds, and make her once more free
To live, O Lord our God, to live to thee;
Quicken the languid blood within her veins,
Glean her from sin, and wash away her stains:
And as the awful time, that dreadful day
Of solemn judgment, when the quickened clay,
Raised from the dust, receives its soul again,
To live in bliss eterne or lasting pain:
As that dread time draws near, thy church restore
Into her youthful might; while round her roar
The sea's wild waves, whose foaming volumes pour
Their force restlessness on the sounding shore;
And direful portents through the heavens gleam,
The sun all darkness, while the moon's red beam
Shines lurid on the earth, and all is woe.
O Lord, do then thy lovingkindness shew,
And save thy church 'mid these sad woes below.

Earth shall fade away,
And rapidly decay:
The forests green and flowery fields,
And all the beauties nature yields,
The beauteous, blushing rose,
And violet that grows
Beneath the gloomy mid of some dark tree,
Shall pass away, no longer be.

The Linnet.

Sing thy sweet song, thou gentle bird,
Beneath the arching sky,
And when we have thy sonnet heard,
Then thou away shalt fly.

To thy dear mate, thou linnet sweet,
Thy warbling song still sing;
Again the thrilling notes repeat,
Joy to her heart to bring.

Oh, hear the song, ye anxious poor!
List to the linnet's strain;
See how from God is all his store,
His dwelling in Him gain:

See how he, with a merry heart,
For ever trusts in Him;
Is this, like angels', is his part,
Like theirs, his constant hymn."

Such compositions may sooth the writer's troubles, but we are afraid will do little more than trouble readers.

NEW DOCTRINE OF METAPHYSICS.

Metaphysical Analysis revealing in the Process of the Formation of Thought a new Doctrine of Metaphysics. 8vo, pp. 114. Saunders and Otley. METAPHYSICAL explications have been described as something communicated by a party who did not comprehend it to another party who could not understand it; but it is to be hoped that our author has set this right, and made it intelligible by his new doctrine and process. We have, however, to lament that we cannot make it very clear to our readers, nor demonstrate the whole mystery on the basis of exact science. To the best of our belief the theory is:

That there is a Human Mind which thinks, and that this thinking is the only proof we have of its existence, as none of the corporeal senses can take cognizance of it; and

Thought, then, is an immaterial image of any material object, and derived from the experience of sensations; and that the sensations themselves vanish, but immaterial images of them are recalled so as to form our thought.

These problems are dilated upon, and illustrated in a variety of arguments; and the *finale* is given in a postscript, which we subjoin as an example of the writer's style, and the view he takes of his metaphysical Eureka.

"While these pages are in the press, the author is recalled to his post in India. He must forego, therefore, such satisfaction as it might have been to have watched over their issue. The statement of the sacrifices he has made in order to fulfil his task could only, by a marvel of fatuity, be intended to conciliate sympathy. If such could be his object, they would be better left to be imagined.

A stouter champion would have fought at less cost.

The purpose such a statement may answer, is, that it will be a humble mode of countenancing pretensions the reverse of humble; he is not in a position to care whether it be a graceful one. Compared with the years during which he has meditated his work, the intervals in which he has prosecuted it, with any thing like assiduity, are small; though out of numerous literary projects it has been by far the chief. During this whole period, he has been unable to enter into the most ordinary pursuits undisturbed by the idea that he was deferring to them the weightiest obligation of his life. Haunted by this sense of a duty unfulfilled, he has been alike careless to parry the attacks of enemies, and to meet the advances of friends. He is enrolled in no society connected with the tribunal which must pronounce upon his labours. He is too poor, however glad he might have been of an opportunity, to have made the acquaintance of a single one of its doorkeepers; nor does he know of any one who in his absence could interfere to prevent such a catastrophe, as, under the circumstances, may, in our practically enlightened age, be predicted for a book on a subject so proscribed by common consent as is metaphysics. He can even anticipate with some degree of fortitude the commiseration of his friends over the 'vaunting ambition of philosophy overleaping itself.' The tribunal, therefore, whose award he challenges will doubtless hear with equanimity, that he does not entirely believe that its neglect would imply his failure, any more than its voice would, in all instances, imply his success; since that voice is the voice of the doorkeepers, echoing, indeed, when it can be uttered, the sentence of the judge; but quite as often merely forestalling and preventing it; always indispensable to that sort of success which is meant by a plurality of editions, not always heralding the path of lasting fame. But how, if a stiff-necked and drudging generation, delighting only in a philosophy (alas! for its prostituted name) relating to the belly, a philosophy teaching to work cunningly in brass, and iron, and cotton, and whatever furnishes that incessant task-work for the human ant-hive, which it seems to be the prime object of civilisation to dole out, should absolutely refuse to listen to the reading of the riddle of the sphinx? How, if though one rose from the dead, he should cry in vain, Listen, O man, while I shew thee what is thought, and how thou thinkest; the knowledge for which thy race has always craved in vain? How, if such an one must wait for a generation neither spinning nor forging after its kind? Not of this creed, however, is the author. If it were so, it would be a notable fact, notwithstanding that those versed in the natural history of our species assure us that individuals of it do occasionally quarrel with certain elements which contribute to their vital sustenance, known by the name of bread-and-butter. For the honour of our present human nature, and of so much of it as is represented in the calling of criticism, he believes that it may be said, even in this the last and most ferruginous decade yet known, that it does not follow that a metaphysician must needs discourse to the winds; but only that for one unsustained by some sort of connexion with the world of letters: such is not an impossible destiny. Be it enough, that for his own work he challenges the most rigorous judgment, from the ablest head and from the most impartial heart. It is only at such hands that he will accept an estimate of the nature and value of the contribution he has made in this analysis to that philosophy which has a pre-eminent title to the name, and which treats of the intellect of man. And even though none should be found who will deign to lift his gaze, he will still be vain-glorious enough not to despair that it will be lifted hereafter."

This appeal we leave to make its impression on the *Sensations* of the public, so as to produce a Thought of the qualities possessed and the end attained by the very earnest author of the volume.

SKETCHES: FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

Pedestrian and other Reminiscences at Home and Abroad. By Sylvanus. Pp. 238. Longmans.

THIS is a very desultory volume, and rather disappoints us after the opening with a foreign tour, with ever and anon reverting to England, and giving us more than enough of the turf, horse-racing, hunting, shooting, and other English sports. It needed not the proclamation of all the advantages pertaining to Pedestrianism to prepare us for these matters, which have nothing to do with that style of travelling; so that we cannot say *ex pede Herculem* in reference to this production. There is no doubt but that more information is acquired by perambulating a country on foot-back (as children call it) than other mode. The impressions are gathered more slowly and surely, and last infinitely longer than those got through the means of coaches, chaises, and occasional stoppages. We mix more with different classes of the people. We have more leisure for reflection, and do not gallop up to conclusions instead of walking steadily. We have great faith in Pedestrian rambles; and it is perhaps more from this than from absolute failure that our author has pleased us less than our expectation. We, however, copy out an extract or two, in order that our readers may judge so far for themselves.

At Honfleur we have a clever sketch of a French class not of the most agreeable kind, and well contrasted with the true French gentleman. The author has spent a delightful day with one of the latter, and says:

"After dinner we all walked in a large forest, pulling flowers, and conversing in the most easy, pleasing manner. I had all the best views pointed out to my notice, tea prepared out of compliment to myself, and took my leave, highly gratified with my day's excursion. Such people come little into public, and if a man sees only table-d'hôte society in France, he can form but a poor notion of the families living in their own châteaux. They are quite as exclusive in wishing to steer clear of the vulgar intercourse of the world as any of our renowned 'west-enders.' Well they may be careful, for a more horrid, blustering, impertinent, forward set of cavaliers does not exist than the commiss-voyageurs of France, who take the best seats at every table-d'hôte, with an opinion they are equal to any prince, or clean well-behaved man in Christendom. The airs, language, and deportment of these commercial magnificos is something more than disgusting,—it is absolutely terrifying to quiet people. I heard a grey-bearded, moustached, dirty old dandy, with a crop of the true republican cut, his person hung in chains, and his dingy fingers encircled with rings, open the most violent tirade against England, Monsieur Guizot, and every thing decent, shaking his hand, after forming his fingers into a kind of cup the colour of a cocoa-nut, rolling his eyes, and ringing his r's, till I got nervous. I timidly asked who he was, when he had completed his repast of near upon fifteen dishes (from the potage to the shrimps). A young French gentleman who sat next me said, 'He is a blackguard, and sells alouettes à friction, or lucifer matches!' I thought he was at least some hero fresh from Africa, who had been roasting Arabs, decoré, and probably a marshal, from his overpowering eloquence! Lucifers at a sou a box must be profitable merchandise to maintain so splendid an ambassador. This is only a sample of the French bagmen; they are a numerous and dangerous set; they bully the innkeepers into submission to their order, make or unmake a café, keep up a constant outcry against every thing English, and are not very scrupulous whether they insult you or not. One of those fellows received a lesson from a countryman of ours at Caen, who, after being grossly insulted, coolly knocked the bagman down, then said he had no ulterior intentions with 'villanous saltpetre,' or other deadly ingredient, with such a 'snob,' but that, if he was not good at his fists, he was welcome

to a stick, when they did battle in the court of the inn, the Gaul getting such a drubbing that he had to pay for ten nights' lodging instead of one, not greatly to his master's interest, who most likely sold wax-dolls, or comfits, in gross and detail, finding few of the latter in his bragging representative. These fellows are all on the look-out for a row; they disseminate their Anglo-hatred from Bayonne to Ostend; they vend their spleen along with their lucifers and wax-dolls, and meet with ready listeners in all the small shop-keepers and country cafés. God help us! we must keep a bright look-out for these terrible 'allumettes à friction,' or we shall be assuredly baked into pies, or peradventure boiled into potage à la John Bull, as the poor Arabs were dished up by the French cooks."

Of Caen our author speaks very disparagingly, but, leaving it, is lively upon female swimmers:

"There are nearly fifty thousand inhabitants in Caen, yet it is without exception the most stupid, dull, monotonous place I ever stayed in; there is literally nothing to do, or see, from one day to another, with a dreary sameness perfectly depressing. I gladly, therefore, shouldered my knapsack, and walked to Luc, on the sea-coast. It is a small bathing-place, where a good many people were staving, strolling on the sands, and splashing in the water, from daylight till dusk. I never saw such bathers as the French, particularly the women, who swim as well as Leander, or a dolphin. I saw one fair head and shoulders close on my starboard hand, proceeding most gracefully and quietly, in deep water, long after I was tired, and I believe I had gone half-a-mile at least. This was no single instance: I saw many girls swim most merrily—indeed they were perfect 'ducks' indeed. They wear very becoming bathing-dresses, and oil-skin caps, occasionally trimmed with red and blue worsted, looking most bewitching as they lay floating on their backs, in evident comfort to themselves, gazing at the heavens, reminding me of coral rocks, on which a man might shiver his heart, before he knew he was near the sunken danger. At Longrune, near Luc, I saw one tall, dark-eyed young lady (perfectly comme il faut) jump off a high boat into deep water, with a considerable sea on, and dive like a Malay. Human nature (particularly in a French August) could not withstand this; so I instantly jumped in also, clothes, knapsack (I am almost sure), and all, and had a long chat with my next neighbour, as we swam together. Bathing here is carried on in quite a sociable manner: you may see parties of a dozen in the water, making a complete briny fête of it. Throwing cold water upon love, in our country, is supposed to have quite a chilling effect on the flame, if not to act as its entire extinguisher; here it is quite au contraire: a gentleman dives with a lady, and 'proposes' under water (that they should come up again, I fancy, if his submarine eloquence extends so far). The flirtations I saw en caleçons were numerous, and I have no doubt pathetic; if the sobbing I heard at times was any criterion of the patient's case, I should think it was next to hopeless. The depth of the affaires du cœur that came before my notice, varied from three to thirty feet, and though all flattered themselves they took things coolly, I saw many of both sufferers who were decidedly 'over head and ears.' The fair creatures remained sadly too long in the water to my thinking, yet I sincerely hope they experienced no ill effects from the immersion."

"The route to Luc, by Lœn, is through a most highly cultivated farming district, a rich, waving, undulating plain, teeming with a plenteous harvest (which I devoutly hope my own dearly loved England may be equally blessed with). There appears to be no division in the farms, all stretching for leagues in an unbroken succession of produce,—large reaches of wheat, barley, oats, rye, tares, red clover, mangel wurzel, cinquefoin, and lucerne, in the greatest luxuriance: apple and plum trees loaded, are on all sides apparently untouched. It

is a point of honour in these matters, highly chivalrous, in the French school-lads: you never hear of a paltry theft; and I feel as secure in my apartments, when absent, all through France, as if my property was under my own eye."

Had antiquities been as favourite a pursuit with the writer as horse-racing, he would have found much to interest him at Caen; but *chacun à son goût*—the sea-sports, like Col. Hawker's wild-fowl shooting, seemed more to his mind, and we have just carried him one stage along the road from the coast, that we may deposit a countryman and littérateur in safety.

BOUNDARIES OF EMPIRES: COLONISATION.

The Natural Boundaries of Empires; and a New View of Colonisation. By John Finch, Esq. Pp. 279. Longmans.

This little book has been published some time, and has not, we think, attracted the notice it deserves—we (*Lit. Gaz.*) being among the defaulters. But since we have recently shewn how the small Wren is somehow or other recognised as a bird-king, so may we emerge this little book from under the covering of its larger contemporaries, and give it some of that prominence we think due to it.

The natural boundaries of empires: what are they? What the folly or ambition of men are apt to disregard and despise. France used to say the Rhine, as Rome did the Rubicon; and yet neither could be satisfied with all that lay within their imagined line. Beyond, there were other worlds to conquer; ay, and to weep like Alexander when there were no more. And in our own very present hour a yet more insatiable thirst for dominion has been proclaimed: We will have the entire new world, the whole continent of America from Terra del Fuego to Behring's Straits, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, says Mr. President Polk (what a short insignificant kind of name for so vast a sway), and no European power shall dare to interfere with us in this "snug little island."

Here there can be no question of the leading points started by our author. It matters not that river boundaries are demonstrated to be disadvantageous, and mountain ranges or deserts the reverse: they are, as Mathews used to sing,

"All the same to General Jackson;
For General Jackson is the boy."

Speaking of forests, the author says:

"The empire of Zunder Bund in India is protected by an extensive forest, inhabited by a warlike race, who fight with such desperate valour that they have never been subdued. At the sight of these terrific warriors, the timid Hindoo utters a cry of despair, and even the Englishman runs away. They might easily take possession of the whole country; but being fond of a country life, they disdain to confine themselves in villages or towns. From the period of their earliest traditional history, they have preserved their wild independence under a republican form of government. There no individual lords it over his fellows; for they are too proud to bend and bow, and too magnanimous and too fond of liberty to set any one in authority over them. There no monarch is allowed to levy heavy contributions on his subjects, and no president interposes his veto on the acts of their legislative assemblies. While the historian praises their unconquerable spirit, which renders them a model to all nations, their enemies, unable to conquer, have recourse to a very common expedient,—they calumniate, and accuse them of making predatory expeditions over the neighbouring territory, and even denounce them as cannibals. As these brave people cannot speak the English language, at least not sufficiently well to be understood, we will undertake their defence. To the first accusation we reply, that it is an act of retributive justice. They plunder alike the Tartar, the Mongol, the Persian, the Briton, the Russian, who, in rapid succession, conquer Hindoostan, and govern that truly unfortunate people. And as to their

being cannibals, they merely kill and eat their enemies!"

This statement is new to us; and so we think will the following information be to most of our readers. The author is inquiring what the human race are, and proceeds to reply:

"In the first place, in respect to their form, which has some relation to the subject, although it may appear a distant one; and in the next, with respect to their disposition or character, on which, in point of fact, governments depend for their development. Do we find perfection of form or of character in any member of the human race with whom we have ever been acquainted? A French author has very truly observed, that we are all surrounded by merely halves and quarters of men. With reverence be it spoken, the reason why angels are not permitted to visit the earth, except at very distant intervals, is because they would be stared at as curiosities; and yet the accounts which are given to us of angelic natures is, that they merely exhibit all the good qualities of which man is capable, wrought to the highest degree of intensity. Who ever saw perfection in the human figure? and what lumps of men we see around us, and what a variety! Why is it that the statues of the Apollo di Belvidere and the Venus de' Medici always excite in us such emotions of pleasure and delight? If we met Apollos walking in the street, and if Venuses were our companions every moment of our leisure hours, we should pass by the statues without observation. It is because they are very beautiful, and differ from anything we see in common life, that they attract our notice. We must acknowledge that the kind Father of the human race has been more bountiful in conferring grace, beauty, and elegance, on the female portion of it, than on those of the opposite sex. We have seen several who would compare very favourably with the Medicean Goddess; but still the proportion of those who are beautiful, even among females, is small."

With this proportion, however, we must be content, till the angel visits are not so few and far between. Now for the writer's ideas upon governments:

"Monarchy, especially hereditary monarchy, is expensive; it is so of necessity. All people, all nations, connect ideas of dignity with expense and luxury. It is a false association of ideas, but so general, that it is adopted by every nation. It is therefore necessary that the monarch presiding over the destinies of a nation should excel all his subjects in luxury and expense, as much as he exceeds them in power. There have been but two monarchs since the commencement of time who were maintained at a very trifling cost to their subjects; and the nations over whom they ruled were so exasperated against them on that account, that they put one to death, and were constantly conspiring against the other. The first was the beautiful white ox that formerly reigned in Egypt, and of whom an account is given in the page of Herodotus. He was one of the best monarchs the world ever saw; he never engaged in bloody wars to gratify an unreasonable ambition, or to extend his dominion; and while he chewed the cud, his subjects were peaceful and happy. It was under his reign that some of those beautiful temples were built, which have attested to a later age the power and magnificence of ancient Egypt, and which the modern degenerate nations of Europe make not even an attempt to imitate. A plentiful supply of grass, with a little corn and pure water, were all that he required; but at length his subjects were so indignant against him, because he would not spend more money, that they rose in rebellion, effected a revolution, and cruelly put him to death. The other monarch, who nearly suffered the same fate, was Don Francia, who ruled over the destinies of Paraguay for nearly thirty years. He was possessed of the most economical habits, and was supported at the least expenditure by his subjects of any monarch that ever existed. A cup of maté in the morning, a small

piece of meat or salt fish for his dinner, and a few cigars, that he might pass his evenings happily, were the whole of his personal expenditure; and for purposes of splendour and the pomp of royalty, the whole of his attendants were comprised in an ancient female slave. His reign was the most beneficial the Paraguans had ever witnessed; for he kept them at peace, while all the neighbouring states were involved in continual revolutions and wars. In fact, he was a monarch of extraordinary ability; but his subjects, disliking his economy, were constantly conspiring against him, and he was compelled occasionally to put a few of them in prison, to prevent their succeeding in designs against his person.

"In every country man bows submissively to those in authority over him. For myself, when I am in any of the parks or public places where our gracious sovereign is expected, my hat of its own accord raises itself instinctively from my head, and I stand uncovered to await our sovereign's approach. A proper degree of homage and respect is certainly due to the sovereign who presides over the destinies of a great nation. The wonder is, that, with so much adulation paid to them, monarchs do not forget they are human, and consider themselves as superior beings. The fact is, that the vertebrae of the human race are so constituted, that it is impossible for man to remain upright in the presence of those who are in possession of power. A good deal of this adulation also arises from the association of ideas, as the multitude invariably follow the customs which they see around them. • • •

"There is a perpetual oscillation in all governments. Those which are free to-day, become despotic to-morrow; and those which are the seats of tyranny now, gradually acquire liberty. Never is a nation so happy as to be always free, nor so miserable as to be always enslaved. Liberty is like the sun, which God in his beneficence allows to shine sometimes on one portion of the human race and sometimes upon another. Although it is certainly true, that, at various periods in the history of the world, legislators have arisen who have possessed such a superior force of intellect that they have stamped a peculiar character and a peculiar legislation upon the ever-varying materials called a nation, which stamp has continued for many centuries; but even this at length wears out and changes. Pile up the clouds of heaven in a heap, and bid them retain a particular shape,—then you may attempt to restrain nations to one particular form of civil or uncivil polity. In the wars that arise between monarchies and republics, the latter have usually the advantage; for kings sleep, but republicans never. That which is called sleep in a republic is only a minor degree of excitement, except among the farmers, whose happy life and useful occupation procure them tranquil sleep and pleasing dreams. And when is man so happy as when he is asleep and has a pleasant dream? for he then enjoys all the various pleasures of existence, without the slightest fatigue. The most splendid chariot that we ever saw was one in which we rode in a dream; the most magnificent banquet of which we ever partook was one to which we were invited in a dream; and Julia never looked so beautiful, and never smiled so sweetly, as when we spoke to her in a dream. But a conquest over kings introduces kings to a republic, not merely those who are captured on their thrones, or taken prisoners in battle; for the pride of success and the wealth that is seized introduce that state of feeling which cannot be gratified without monarchical government. Some writers have amused the imaginations of their readers by adopting an opinion that the human race are gradually advancing in a career of happiness, and that political affairs partake of this general progress. Let us now examine this question, and endeavour to ascertain whether it is founded in truth. The fact appears to be, that all governments are founded more on the passions of man than on his reasoning faculties; and hence has arisen the stability and the sameness of go-

vernments in all ages and in all times. Human nature is the same now that it was thousands of years ago. Is the child that is born to-day different from the child that was born yesterday? is it provided with six legs instead of two? or is it born with two hands upon each arm, or furnished with four faces, so as to be able to look to the four quarters of the compass at the same time? And is not the infant fond of the nourishment of its mother's breast? and when it grows up, is it not fond of rolling on the grass, and of gathering daisies and cowslips? and is it not the supreme delight of children to walk with bare feet, in the heat of summer, in a small puddle of water? It is like making a voyage of discovery, and exploring an unknown world; for who knows what dreadful chasms may be concealed beneath the surface of the water? and are not the children of the rich discontented and unhappy, because they are never allowed to participate in this amusement? And so the men and women of the present day are similar to those of a thousand years ago, both in their individual and their political capacity: they are neither much better nor much worse. Has civilisation advanced? Let us first agree what is the meaning of the term. It appears to us that civilisation does not consist in a small proportion of the human race riding in carriages, and the rest groaning in misery; it does not consist in the mere conventional forms of fashionable life—in eating fish with a silver fork, or drinking a particular kind of wine, or in having the coat made in a peculiar fashion: these are not those things which constitute civilisation. If we were asked our opinion, we should say, that it consisted in a majority of a nation passing through life in a pleasing and happy manner. If the account given by Captain Hall of the natives of the Loochoo Islands is correct, and there seems no reason to doubt it, we should be disposed to consider those islanders as more civilised than the people of Britain. They never go to war, and are always happy. The civilisation of a country depends in a great degree on the comfort and enjoyment of the mass of the population; but where, as in England, they groan beneath a weight of taxation caused by the constant wars in which they engage, that is impossible. Ask a hyæna, when it is famished, to stand on points of ceremony; or a wolf, when it is hungry, to make a profound bow to the lamb which it is going to devour,—then expect civilisation from a starving population."

From the foregoing extracts, we think it will be admitted that this is rather a curious volume, with a good deal of originality about it. The writer's view of the immense boundaries of the British empire, including all its colonies and foreign settlements, assumes the poetic form, and leads him to his grand panacea for all social evils, viz. free colonies. The process, if not the reasoning, is amusing.

"We have conquered the lion of Africa. We have saddled the elephant of India. The crocodile of Berberie crouches beneath our sway. The tiger of Bengal alone stands at bay.

"Song. To the Tiger of India.

Tiger! I adore thee,
For valour in the fight,
Skin of matchless beauty,
And eyes so keen and bright.

Your empire, the jungle,
You guard with jealous care;
Your foes, though numerous,
Inspire no coward fear.

The Turk comes with sabre,
The Russ like savage bear,
Briton with his musket,
The Hindoo with his spear.

You breakfast on a Turk,
You sandwich on a Jew,
Dine upon Englishman,
And sup on the Hindoo.

Feasting on dainty fare,
Your dreams are calm and light;
Awake, then, 'tis morning,
And shew your eyes so bright.

"All the nations of the earth find that we have either conquered some of their colonies or retain

some of their subjects under our dominion. The Negro is not so black but that we govern him. We retain the Hottentot tribes in subjection, in order that they may produce a second Venus for our admiration. The Ceylonese endeavours in vain to conceal himself in his jungle, for he finds himself subject to our laws. The Canadian finds the frost and snow of his climate no bar to our occupation of his strongest fortress. The Dutchman flies in vain to the interior desert of Africa to escape the meteor flag of England; he is pursued, and finds that, however far he may travel, he cannot escape from British jurisdiction. The Spaniard is not so proud but we keep him in subjection. The Frenchman finds his colonies torn from his grasp, and in the possession of his ancient foe. Even our old Saxon countrymen, the Germans, find us pouncing on their territory, and capturing the little island of Heligoland; but this is only a trifling revenge for the incursions of Hengist and his companions in arms. The Hindoo, glorying in his sunny clime, has, alas! no city left which he can call his own; and the patient Chinaman beholds with affright the mark of an English foot upon the territory of the Celestial Empire. The Nepaulese mourns on his mountain, the Burmese mourns on his plain, the Caffre laments by his fountain, the Arab laments for Eden. The men of England have conquered a thousand tribes. A thousand expeditions have left our shore in search of foreign conquest, and have returned victorious. A thousand rivers are tributary to us, and the waves of every ocean have seen our victorious flag. • • •

"When a crocodile leaves his native stream to take a walk in the country and breathe a little fresh air, he suddenly finds an Englishman astride upon his back, who compels him to take a gallop along the sand before he allows him to return to his despairing little ones at home, who shed tears of joy at his safe return."

Finally, upon these and other data, he exclaims: "Statesmen of Britain! expand your ideas, enlarge the boundaries of your hearts, of your sympathies, of your minds: instead of founding these miserable colonies, placing your governors over them, and your ships cruising near to keep them in subjection, proclaim their liberty. Found empires instead of colonies. Proclaim Australia free, or establish there eight empires,—Sydney should be capital of the first; Port Philip of the second; South Australia the third; the fourth should comprise the territory between South Australia and Swan river; the fifth, Western Australia; and divide the northern coast into three distinct states, by geographical lines, and determine by an exact frontier the distinction between them and the older settlements. Withdraw all governors and troops, and all official people of every sort and degree, and proclaim to the people of England that whoever goes to Australia may possess a farm of one hundred acres, that they may choose their own governors, make their own laws, choose their own custom-house officers. In a single year one hundred thousand Britons would flock there; the population of Australia would be doubled in a single year; they would plough the land; they would build houses; they would lay the foundation of towns, of cities, of villages. The exportation of British manufactures would be doubled to Australia in a single year; in two years the population would be trebled, in four years it would be quadrupled. We talk and admire about the trade to China, but why not make a British China in Australia? it can be done, and only can be done by giving them perfect liberty; the other experiment has been tried for fifty-six years, and see the result. But with freedom, unnumbered blessings would be conferred on the British islands: one hundred thousand emigrants leaving her shore annually would leave better room for the remaining inhabitants: the Suffolk peasant, who is now savagely employed in burning farmers' ricks, would then, in consequence of so many labourers being taken away, receive good pay for his labour; the condition of every

peasant and of every artisan throughout England would be improved. New Sheffield, and Manchester, and Birmingham, must be built, to answer the demand which the inhabitants of Australia alone would require; the port of London would be nearly blocked up by vessels coming from the Australian ports. A youth of twenty years of age, now living in England, might live to see an empire containing twenty millions of human beings living free and happy in Australia, blessing the land which gave them birth, and calling down blessings on the heads of those statesmen whose councils had contributed to their happiness. On every hundred miles of the sea-coast there would be a city, and in every twenty miles a large town. The Australian ships would trade with the numerous islands in the Pacific, and they would capture almost every whale in the Southern Ocean; and all their wealth, all their produce, all their exchangeable value of every kind, would be poured into Britain in exchange for her manufactures. In a new country, under laws of their own making, labour is wealth; the various states would, therefore, compete with each other in drawing labourers and their families from England. In the empire of Victoria, to be founded on the northern coast, they would pay half the expense of emigration. In Western Australia they would probably defray one-third the expense; and at Sydney they would have a large ox always roasting on the shore in order to attract British emigrants to that quarter; the only contest between them would be which should secure the larger number. Would not this be better than shutting up the poor people in union-houses, and compelling them to fire stacks for want of better employment?"

BELL'S LIFE OF CANNING.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

In our introductory strictures upon this work and quotations we were somehow led in *medias res*; and must now return to the beginning to mention that the account of Mr. Canning's parentage is full of interest, and the emergence of his glorious light out of the darkness which beset his infancy as delightful a prospect of human genius forcing its way, as the sight of a splendid sunrise from the black and heavily-banked clouds of night. His devoted love of his mother throughout life, his rescue from a position which was likely to crush his hopes, and his replacement, by his uncle Mr. Stratford Canning, in a situation more suitable to his family and birth; his education at Eton and the history of the "Microcosm;" his studies at Oxford and the friendships formed by him there, are all prologue to the pre-eminence he was destined to achieve. The details are most interesting, and all the remarks upon them most sensible and judicious. Of his juvenile literary ideas we are advised:

"His pure taste, which took delight in the perspicuity of Addison, revolted from the three-piled grandeur of Johnson. He was never reconciled to writers of that class, and to the last disliked the glitter of Junius. Fox also held the style of Junius in aversion, as might be expected from the largeness of his intellect and the copiousness of his eloquence. The strong English temper of Mr. Canning's mind, his earnest nationality, paramount even in its prejudices, constantly breaks out in these essays. Wherever opportunity offers (and sometimes he went out of his way to make it) he stands up for the English character, and throws himself on the defensive at the first approach of art or fashion to tamper with its sturdy simplicity. England was his party from the beginning, and continued so to the end. . . . In 1788, Mr. Canning entered Christ Church College, Oxford. His Eton companions were nearly all scattered; the only relative who took an interest in his education was gone, and he was committed, in this critical juncture, to the sole guidance of his own discretion. But his habits were already

formed, and he was safe. Good taste, no less than prudence, led him to shun the frivolous waste and life-consumption of the majority of his contemporaries. He 'consorted' with none of these, restraining himself for higher aims. New friendships sprung up at Christ Church, of a class materially calculated to influence, if not to decide, the subsequent direction of his life. Amongst his more immediate associates were the Hon. Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Lord Holland, Lord Carlisle, Lord Seaford, Lord Granville, and Lord Boringdon. Most of these gentlemen, especially Mr. Jenkinson, were educated with a specific view to a participation in the government of the country; and Mr. Canning, although he could reckon upon none of the advantages of patronage or hereditary position, was soon admitted to the freedom of their intercourse by virtue of claims more powerful and commanding. His wit, eloquence, and scholarship established an ascendancy amongst them, never wholly free, to be sure, from the jealousies of rank, but always superior to its naked accidents. He was here, for the first time, placed upon a familiar footing with lords and statesmen in training; here he took his first lesson in aristocracy; and he used its admonitions wisely. And it is something no less to the purpose to add, that although political differences frequently separated him in after-life from some of these intimate companions of his college-days, he retained their personal attachment to the close. The friendships of his boyhood never suffered check or interruption. He was no less happy in the fidelity of his friends than in the choice of them. . . . The vacations were generally passed in some country-house, where the accomplishments of the student were exercised upon lighter themes. It was the age of scrap-books and *vers de société*; every boudoir had its volume ready to receive the offerings of the visitor, who, if he had the slightest reputation or celebrity of any kind, was put under contribution by collectors, whose levy it was vain to resist. Mr. Canning's penalties in this way were innumerable; things thrown off on the impulse of the moment, intended only for the moment, and so exquisitely trivial, that, even if we had the power, it would be scarcely fair to submit them to the ordeal of publication. Most of these gay trifles are, no doubt, swept away in the common ruin of all old-fashioned memorials, trinkets, autographs, and the like; and many a dusty page, full of antiquated gallantry and tea-table wit, has shared the fate of the hereditary receipt-books, and gone the way of all lumber. Any attempt to trace Mr. Canning's sportive effusions on the sundry occasions that provoked and entrapped his youth into scrap-books, hermitages, mazes, grottoes, showers of rain, and similar suggestions, incidents, and places, would now be quite hopeless. The loose leaves scribbled over with precious impromptus are scattered—perhaps to the winds or the flames; and, except here and there in some revered nook in a far-off country-mansion, where things are husbanded up in the alphabeted niches of old secretaries, and ticketed like choice specimens in a museum, it would be idle to hunt after such relics. But I am fortunately enabled, through private channels, and by the aid of a valued friendship, unwearied in discharging offices of kindness, to gratify the reader's curiosity with a sample or two of these early verses, the interest of which arises chiefly from the period of life they illustrate; for their intrinsic merit, stripped of personal associations, is not very remarkable. This is generally true of all juvenile poems; yet the popular appetite for devouring the first-fruits of men of genius is not the less keen on that account.

"Amongst the recollections of Crewe Hall is a little *jeu-d'esprit*, which has as good a right to be preserved as most quips. Mr. Canning, then about eighteen or nineteen years of age, was walking in the grounds with Mrs. Crewe, who had just lost her favourite dog, Quon, and wanted an epitaph

for him. The dog was buried close at hand, near the dairy-house. Mr. Canning protested he could not make epitaphs; but the lady was not to be denied, and so he revenged himself with the following:—

'Epitaph on Mrs. Crewe's dog.
Poor Quon lies buried near this dairy,
And is not this a sad quandary?"

"On another occasion he inscribed the following verses in the scrap-book, on leaving Crewe Hall:
'Lines occasioned by Mrs. Crewe having maintained in a conversation of her farm, 'That all nervous affections pretend a craving appetite.'

'Happy the fair, who, here retired,
By sober contemplation fired,
Delight from nature's works can draw;
'Twas thus I spoke, when first I saw
That cottage, which, with chastest hand,
Simplicity and taste have planned.
'Happy who, grosser cares resign'd,
Content with books to feed her mind,
Can leave life's luxuries behind;
Content within this humble cell.
With peace and temperance to dwell,
Her food, the fruits,—her drink, the well.
'Twas thus of old—' But as I spoke,
Before my eyes what dainties smoke!

Not such as hermits of old—
In many a holy tale enroll'd,
Drawing from but their frugal hoard,
With nuts and apples spread the board;
But such, as fit for paunch divine,
Might tempt a modern saint to dine.
Then thus, perceiving my surprise,
Which stared confest through both my eyes,
To vindicate her wiser plan,
The fair philosopher began:

'Young gentleman, no doubt you think
(And here she paus'd a while to drink)
'All that you've said is mighty fine—
But won't you taste a glass of wine?
You think these cakes are somewhat curious,
And for a hermit, too luxurious;
But such old fogies as (Lord preserve us!)
Knew no such things as being nervous.
Else had they found, what now I tell ye,
How much the mind affects the belly;
Had found, that when the mind's oppress'd,
Confused, elated, warmed, distrust,
The body keeps an equal measure
In sympathy of pain or pleasure;
And, whether moved with joy or sorrow,
From food alone relief can borrow.
Sorrow's, indeed, beyond all question,
The best specific for digestion;
Which, when with moderate force it rages,
A chicken or a chop assuages.
But, to support some weightier grief,
Grant me, ye gods, a round of beef!
Thus then, since abstract speculation
Must set the nerves in agitation,
Absurd the plan, with books and study
To feed the mind,—yet starve the body.
These are my tenets, and in me
Practice and principle agree.
See, then, beneath this roof combined
Food for the body and the mind.
A couplet here, and there a conard,
While sentiment, by turns, and mustard,
Bedew with tears the glistening eye.
Behold me now with *Utray* sigh,
Now revelling in pigeon-pie;
And now, in apt transition, taken
From Bacon's works—to eggs and bacon.
Dear Mrs. Crewe, this wondrous knowledge,
I own, I ne'er had gained at college.
You are my tutress; would you quite
Confirm your wavering proselyte!
I ask but this, to shew your sorrow
At my departure hence, to-morrow,
Add to your dinner, for my sake,
One supernumerary steak!"

"At Mrs. Legh's, in Cheshire, he left behind him many similar tokens of whim and pleasantry. The Leghs were an old county-family and divided with the Davenports the dominion of Cheshire, where it was a common saying, that 'the Leghs were as plenty as fleas, and the Davenports as dogs' tails.' The following amusing lines were addressed to Mrs. Legh on her wedding-day, in reference to a present of a pair of shooting-breeches she had made to Canning, and were probably written during the early part of his Oxford course:

'To Mrs. Legh.
While all to this auspicious day
Well pleased their heartfelt homage pay,
And sweetly smile and softly say
A hundred civil speeches;
My Muse shall strike her tuneful strings,
Nor scorn the gift her duty brings,
Though humble be the theme she sings—
A pair of shooting-breeches.

Soon shall the tailor's subtle art
Have made them tight, and spruce, and smart,
And fastened well in every part
With twenty thousand stitches.
Mark, then, the moral of my song,—
Oh! may your loves be prove as strong,
And wear as well, and last as long,
As these, my shooting-breeches.

And when to ease the load of life,
Of private care, and public strife,
My lot shall give to me a wife,
I ask not rank or riches;
For worth like thine alone I pray,
Temper like thine, serene and gay,
And formed like thee to give away,
Not wear herself, the breeches.

We have reason to doubt Mr. Bell's version of the conversion of Mr. Canning from the Whig to the Tory party (pages 92-3), and instead of its being a sudden transition, we believe it to have been the produce of at least two years. Upon the event Mr. B. well observes:

"The adoption of Tory principles, when such events were pressing him to a decision, was the only honest and conscientious conclusion at which Mr. Canning could have arrived. It was thoroughly consistent with the character of his mind, which was essentially *prudent*. His genius might have been generally disposed to take the imaginative side of a question; but his understanding, stronger than his genius, invariably took the English side, whichever that happened to be. His theory was liberty, which he inspired like poetical air from the heights of Parnassus; but his practice was the constitution. The French Revolution was not a matter of classical sympathy with him, but of plain reason. He began to look upon it, and upon its growing power over the credulity of his countrymen, through the eyes of his English judgment; and, once he had fixed it there, his decision was clear and inevitable. Besides, it may be fairly doubted whether we have any right to raise an argument upon the opinions Mr. Canning entertained before this time, still less to describe any change in them as a desertion of his party. He was not bound by any overt act to any party. That he was claimed in the House of Commons by the Whigs, before he appeared there to answer for himself, is evidence of the importance attached to his opinions, not of any obligation on his part. He had not yet begun public life: his political responsibilities were yet to be incurred. A line must be drawn somewhere, to limit the right of inquiry into the fluctuations of a man's opinions; and it cannot be placed anywhere with such obvious propriety, as at that point of time when he first avowed them. We must not confound changes of this kind with the tergiversations which occur later in life, in the midst of suspicious circumstances, after pledges have been ratified, and connexions formed, and acts done, which tie men up with a party, and which cannot be renounced without treachery and disgrace."

The various parts descriptive of and descanting upon Mr. Canning's brilliant parliamentary career are worthy of Mr. Bell's talent; but it was oftener than he is aware enlivened by the happiest *jeu d'esprit*. Mr. B. quotes one very laughable example, when Mr. Whitbread moved the impeachment of Lord Melville, in which he says:

"Some passages struck Mr. Canning's acute sense of the ridiculous so forcibly, that he scribbled a parody on them, while Mr. Whitbread was yet speaking. The following is the impromptu now printed for the first time:

Fragment of an oration.
But of Mr. Whitbread's Speech, on the Trial of Lord Melville, put into verse by Mr. Canning, at the time it was delivered.
I'm like Archimedes for science and skill,
I'm like a young prince going straight up a hill;
I'm like (with respect to the fair be it said),—
I'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.
If you ask why the 11th of June I remember,
Much better than April or May, or November,
On that day, my lords, with truth I assure ye,
My sainted progenitor set up his brewery;
On that day, in the morn, he began brewing beer;
On that day, too, commenced his conjugal career;
On that day he received and he issued his bills;

On that day he cleared out all the cash from his tills;
On that day he died, having finished his summing,
And the angels all cried, 'Here's old Whitbread a-coming!' So that day still I hail with a smile and a sigh,
For his beer with an E, and his bier with an I;
And still on that day, in the hottest of weather,
The whole Whitbread family dine altogether,—
So long as the beams of this house shall support
The roof which o'er shades this respectable court,
Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Hindoos;—
So long as that sun shall shine in at those windows,
My name shall shine bright as my ancestor's shines,
Mine recorded in journals, his blazoned on signs!"

The fencing in some of these parliamentary debates was occasionally curious enough; and nights have passed when Brougham and Canning were both loaded to the muzzle, and ready primed to fire off, yet the house broke up at a late hour without either of them having uttered a word. They entertained a salutary respect for the powers of each other in debate; and did not choose to leave the last word, when they could avoid it, with an adversary so portentous. Mr. Bell condemns the acceptance of the embassy to Lisbon as inconsistent; with the actual and internal particulars of which he is unacquainted, and therefore, as he has a right to do, draws his inference from public grounds,—vague and destitute of the marrow of the true explanation.

"It is quite true (he says) that Mr. Canning was going to Lisbon on account of the illness of his son, and it is very probable that he would have gone there without any reference to the ambassadorship; but all that has nothing to do with the question of accepting an appointment in 1814, under a ministry with whom he refused to co-operate in 1812. It is stated by Mr. Stapleton, that Mr. Canning was induced to accept the embassy to Lisbon 'because the government made it the condition of enrolling in its ranks those of his personal friends who had attached themselves to his political fortunes.' The author of a biography of Mr. Huskisson, subsequently published, denies this statement; at least so far as Mr. Huskisson is concerned; and says, that long before the Lisbon appointment, Mr. Canning had released his adherents from all political allegiance, add, as Whitbread sarcastically said, desired them 'to shift for themselves.'"

We will take upon ourselves to deny this assertion, and to re-affirm the perfect truth of Mr. Stapleton's statement. Mr. Canning before he accepted the Lisbon mission, had positively and clearly arranged for the provision of all his personal and political friends, in a manner due to their attachment, serviceable to the best interests of the country, and most honourable to himself. We could stand upon the spot—near Gloucester Lodge—where he with his own mouth confided this intelligence to us, within forty-eight hours of the negotiation being completed.* We believe it was for his friends' sake and not for his own that Mr. Canning agreed to accept this appointment; and we also assert, that by accepting it he compromised no dignity and no principle, but acted in steady conformity with every patriotic rule of his illustrious life. Truly does the author (though disapproving of the step) say:

"Lord Brougham condemns Mr. Canning severely, and says that it was the love of power which led him to the imprudent step of serving under a successful rival on a foreign mission of an unimportant cast. This lust of dominion is not quite so base as the lust of money; but Lord Brougham might as well have accused him of the one as the other. If the passion for office was so predominant, how did it happen that Mr. Canning

* In several of our later *Gazettes* we have ventured to confirm certain opinions by referring to personal anecdotes and circumstances within our own knowledge. In none of these instances have we violated private confidence; but it has appeared to us that time has sufficiently elapsed to entitle the *Literary Gazette* to make such use of its earlier experience and peculiar acquaintance with the men and events of the day. Indeed, the wish has frequently been pressed upon us to re-edit selections from the original volumes of this Journal, with annotations to illustrate them and their authors; a task which we would cheerfully undertake could our weekly labours allow us leisure for its discharge. It may yet be, and supply some curious information.—Ed. L. G.

had so often and so recently refused much higher and more influential stations? Controversies respecting motives are never very satisfactory. People always differ about them, and shape them according to their own prejudices. But in this instance, any graver or meaner aspersion than that of misjudgment would be unwarrantable. All that can be said is, that Mr. Canning committed a mistake in accepting this appointment. It placed him under the necessity of vindicating his conduct, which, right or wrong, is always injurious to a public man. The world is sure to distrust the prudence of the politician or the soldier who allows himself to be placed at a disadvantage."

If everybody is wrong who has occasion to justify his conduct in this slanderous world, we shall need Democritus's lantern to light us to one who is right. But having touched upon as many portions of this work as may serve to shew our readers what like it is, we shall now leave it to them to add to their knowledge by the perusal of its well-written pages.

FAMILY NOMENCLATURE.

Suggested by *Lower's Historical Essays on English Surnames*.
[Second notice.]

WE now come to by far the most numerous class of English surnames; namely, those borrowed from places,* which Mr. Lower arranges under two convenient but not strictly accurate heads, the one the *specific*, as *London, York, Chester*, the other the *generic*, as *Hill, Wood, Green*. Now, firstly, there are often more than one of the former—two Chesters, for instance, and Newtons, Suttons, Nortons, Stokes, and the like, by the score; and secondly, those last named have quite as good a right to be called *specific* as the others, seeing it was one particular hill, wood, or green, which gave its name to Thomas Hill, John Wood, and William Green, and not hills, woods, or greens in general. This local class contains, probably, as many thousands as there are hundreds of all other kinds put together, though it may be going a little too far to say that "there is scarcely a city, town, village, manor, hamlet, or estate in England that has not lent its name to swell the nomenclature of Englishmen." Indeed, there seems a tendency to overstate the probable number of surnames in general, a thing certainly difficult to reckon with even an approximate degree of accuracy. Without, however, presuming to settle such a point, our rough notion may be just stated: Christian and Anglo-Saxon, &c. names and their modifications amount to about 700 (of which Mr. L. gives 500); names from trades and offices, &c., to between 300 and 400; and 500 may be allowed for the other smaller classes, making in all 1500 or 1600. If now we keep to the random, but we think most ample, guess of as many thousand local surnames, the total, which may be called between 15,000 and 20,000, will, we think, be much nearer the mark than Mr. Noble's estimate of "between 30,000 and 40,000." After noticing the names taken from places in Normandy and other parts of France, our author gives a list of those from other countries and provinces at home and abroad, to both of which a few may be added; as, *D'Almaine* and *Dalman*, from d'Allemagne (Germany); *Burgon*, from *Burgoyne* (Bourgogne, Burgundy); *Champagne*, or *Champaign*; *Gaskoin* and *Gashin*, from *Gascoyne* (Gascony); *Germon*, *Jarman*, *Saxon*, *Spain*, *De Luc* (*De Luk*), and perhaps *Luck*, from *Lucca*, *Poland*, *Polack*. *Pole* is probably the same as *Pool*, as it certainly is in *Wim-pole*, *Wal-pole*, *Catch-pole*, &c.

* *Estarling*—corrupted in some instances to

* The prevalence of local names in England and Germany has been looked upon as a proof of the love of the Teutonic race for their places of birth or residence; but they appear to be as common in France—witness *Du-sal*, *Du-mont*, *Du-puis*, *La-roche*, *Le-vois*, *Du-noyer*, *Du-prince*, *De-la-niepe*, *Deda-rie*, and a host of others. In Italy, Spain, and Portugal too, they are pretty numerous. The natives of two very purely Celtic provinces, also, *Brittany* and *Cornwall*, as will appear further on, have plenty of them.

Stradling, from the east, probably Greece"—oftener appears now as *Easterling*, *Stirling*, or *Starling*; and the *Easterlings* were rather Flemish refugees, who came over in the reign of Elizabeth, and were employed to refine "our base coignes."*

"*Denis*" (*Dionysius*), certainly, and "*Dench*," we think, do not come "from Denmark;" "*Man*, from the island," and "*Wight*, from the island of that name," we doubt; and "*Rhodes*"† may be of home growth, and equivalent to *Rodes*, *Royds*, of which more anon.

That *Montgomery*, *Clare*, *Down*, and *Ross* are from the counties so called, we doubt with Mr. L.; and without him, "*Romphrey* from 'Renfrew,'"—because, as has been already said, Celtic place-names are (except in Cornwall) uncommon in Britain; and the first four, at least, may be otherwise explained.

The account of the *Hills*, *Dales*, &c., on the whole a good and copious one, will admit of a few corrections and additions. Camden's authority will not convince us that "*Bury*, *Berry*," ever meant "*a court*;" nor does "*a hill*, *a barrow*," seem much more to the purpose, unless it was ever confounded with the last. Surely *Burgh*, *Burke*, *Borough*, *Burrow*, *Borrow*, *Brough*, *Bury*, *Berry*, are all equally sprung from the Anglo-Saxon *burh* (gen. *burge*, abl. dat. &c., *byrig*), *town*.

"*By* (Anglo-Saxon), a habitation." *By* is Danish, and not Anglo-Saxon, appearing as a common termination chiefly in the north and north-east of England, but coming as far south as some of the midland counties—*Orms-by*, *Cleas-by*, *Newby*, *Rug-by*, *Ash-by*. Hither, without doubt, are to be referred the queer-looking surnames, *Bee*, *Summer-bee*, *Batters-bee*, *Bee-bee*, and the like. *Whitby* is an instance of a Danish name superseding an Anglo-Saxon one—*Streones-halh* having given place to *Hvidby*.

Cliffe (*Clive*, *Cleave*) has sometimes become *-liffe*, as *Hinch-liffe* (*Hinch-cliffe*), *Cun-liffe*, *I-liffe*. "In Devonshire *Combe* appears to be a favourite termination." This Celtic name for a small valley or hollow (Welsh *cwm*, A. S. *cumb*, French *combe*) is chiefly south-western, abounding most in Devon and Somerset, but occurs in all the southern counties. The clever (Somersetshire) author of *Etihien* errs against all propriety of the local distribution of names, in placing *Mudcombe* in *Bedfordshire*; but this is nothing to Walter Scott's *Schönwaldt*, near *Liege*.

"*Cowdray*. This name seems to be another spelling of 'coul-dray,' a grove of hazel-trees." The modern French is *coudraie*: *Couldrey*, *Cowderoy*, and *Corderoy*, are other forms of the surname. *Chesney*, *Cheney* is of similar origin, from the old French *cheshayne*, oak-grove, not oak-tree, as stated in another essay. *Houssaie*, another French name of the same kind, meaning holly-grove, is most likely the ancestor of our *Husseys*. If, however, more ambitious, they may, if disposed to trust a learned authority, claim descent from "Hussa, seventh king of Northumberland, founder of the numerous family of *Hussey*, and *House*, and of the clan of *Dal-housie* in Scotland."* Anyhow, the *Husseys* need not fear that their name is really one of very evil import, even if it be what it sounds; the A. S. *hysse*, to which the Scottish *hizzie*, as usual, comes nearest, meant merely *youth* or *lad*, though the word has since become feminine, like *girl*; and by the natural downward tendency of words as of things, from its familiarity some little contempt has been bred.‡ We leave the *Dalhousies* to settle their own origin, Scottish names being *kittle* affairs for mere Saxons to handle. Among the additions we find, "*Olleren-*

shaw, a local name meaning holly-grove, has been contracted to *Renshaw*, and that in its turn corrupted to *WRENCHER*! Hollershaw is again another form.

"*Hay*, in medieval Latin 'haia,' a minor park, or enclosure in the forests, &c.:" properly only the northern form of *Hedge*,—A. S. 'haga' or 'hege'; hence *Haig*, *Haigh*, *Hague*, *Haw*, *Hawes*, *Hayes*, &c. The French corresponding name is *De la Haye*, or *Des Hayes*; the German *Hag*, or (*Vonder*) *Hagen*; the Flemish *Haghe*.

"*Holme* (A. S. 'holm'), a meadow surrounded by water; an island like those in the Bristol Channel, &c.:" a north-country word: hence *Hulme*, *Holme*, *Hume*: *holm* is also provincial for *holy*.

Holt (A. S. 'holt,' Ger. 'holz') is any wood, not "a small hanging wood," which in some counties is a *hanger*, in others a *lynch*. The quotation from *Percy*, to prove that *holt* "sometimes means a hill," and the argument against it, might both have been spared; it can never imply height; some *holts* (*Northolt*, for instance) are in a level country.

"*Hope*, the side of a hill," (or a small hill itself?) a north-country word, ends several local surnames, as *Stan-hope*, *Court-hope*; and, unless it tells too flattering a tale, will explain all such names as *Beans-hop*, *Troll-ope*, *Hart-opp*, *Gall-op*, *Wall-op*, *Pick-up*, (*Picc-ope*), *Look-up*, *Light-up*, *Hugg-up*, *Bac-up*. *Howsip*, *Nettleship*, *Millership*, *Gossip*, may be *How's-hope*, &c. *Worship* may be a corruption of *Works-op*, or *Works-hope*.

"*Hunt*, a chase, as Fox-hunt in Sussex. *Hont* occurs in Chaucer for *Huntsman*." We suspect that, except when plainly local as above, *Hunt* always does mean *huntsman*. From A. S. *hunta* (hunter), *webba* (weaver), *cempa* (warrior, champion), came the old English words, and the new English names, *Hunte*, *Webbe*, *Kempe*.

"*Hurst*, signifying wood," (A. S. *hyrst*), the same in meaning and etymon as *forest*, is by no means confined to "Kent and Sussex;" witness *Deer-hurst*, *Stoney-hurst*, and many others; it is, however, chiefly south-eastern. It answers to the German *-horst* (for *-forst*) in such names as *Scharnhorst*, *Raben-horst*.

"*Rodd*, *Rode*, *Royds*—an obsolete participle of 'rid,' (?) meaning a 'ridding' or forest-grant," (not a very satisfactory etymology)—clearly means, like *Thwaite*, further on, a place cleared of wood: it forms the last part of several names, chiefly Cheshire and Lancashire, as *Ack-royd* (oak), *Holroyd* (hollow), *Booth-royd*. The north German, &c., have a similar local termination of like meaning, but whether from the same root we do not venture to say, as in *Elbinge-rode*, *Brede-rode*.

"*Spire*, *Spire*, 'a steeple.' At the time when the commonality took their first surnames, church-spires were unusual. They were introduced in a very gradual manner during the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries." We have shewn above, that the surnames of the commonality in general cannot be dated so far back even as the century last named; and we suspect that this not common name, oftener spelt *Spiers*, is of foreign growth, from the German city *Speier*, to which we have, after our usual fashion, added an s: the Jewish name *Worms* had certainly a similar local origin.

"*Spence*, a 'yard' or 'enclosure.'" Rather, we think, the buttery or room belonging to "le dispensier," the dispenser, *Spenser*, or house-steward of a great household of yore; this chamber is still in Italy called "*la dispensa*," in France, "*la dépense*."

"*Thwaite*, 'a pasture; a piece of rough marshy ground;" further on we read, "*Thwaytes*, according to *Verstegan*, means a feller of wood, &c.;" to which this edition subjoins, "*Thwaytes* may be nothing more than the plural of *Thwaite*, notwithstanding *Verstegan*'s assertion." For "may be," read "is," say we; surely the two words are but the singular and plural of one, meaning a clearing, land where trees have been cut down and grubbed up for cultivation. As a local termination *Thwaite*

(sometimes changed to *-waite* or *-white*)—as in *Pottle-thwaite* (*Pottle-white*), *Thistle-thwaite* (*Thistle-wayte*), *Cross-thwaite*, *Mickle-thwaite*, *Bra-thwaite*—extends across England from Westmoreland and North Lancashire, where it seems commonest, to Lincolnshire.

Of *Worth*, we shall only venture to say that Bailey adds two to the six proposed meanings here set down, and that when final it often becomes *with*, as in *Skip-with* (*Skip-worth*), *Beck-with*, *Sop-with*, *Sand-with*.

Under the head of *Tree*, after mentioning several names borrowed from various trees, Mr. L. goes on to say, "*Asps* is a provincial word for *asp*" (*Aspin* is also a surname), "*Lind* for lime-tree, and *Holme* for an evergreen oak." The last is more properly a *holly*, from which the *holm*-oak, neither a native nor a common tree in England, has most likely borrowed its name. *Asp* (Anglo-Saxon *aspe*) and *lind* (Anglo-Saxon), by the way, are truer English than *aspen* and *linden*. *Lind* (also Swedish), *Lyne*, and *Line*, are English surnames, the latter form is common in our old ballads for *lind*, and hence our *lime*. *Linneus* is said to have taken his name from a gigantic lime in the neighbourhood of his father's manse; whence also some of his family styled themselves *Lindelins*, others *Tilander*.

Whitaker is certainly, in spite of Bailey's absurd definition quoted in the *Essays*, either *wheat-field* or *white-field*—*Wheat-ly*, *Wheat-croft*, *Whil-ly*, and the like, are common: *Lin-acre* is *flax-acre*, *Gat-aker*, *goat-acre*.

Another list gives those localities whence names have been formed by the addition of *-er* or *-man*,—as *Church*, *Churcher*, *Churchman*; *Bridge*, *Bridger*, *Bridgeman*, &c.; ending with "*Low*, *Lower* (?)." To which we answer, "Yes, certainly." *Low* (northern *Law*; Anglo-Saxon, *hlaw*, *hlæw*) is a hill, barrow, or mound; and *LOWER*, or *Lowman*, one who lives near a *low*, a feature common enough in our author's native county, Sussex. We and our northern kinsfolk have several local surnames in *-lowe* and *-law*; as *Hens-lowe*, *Thur-low*, *Ons-low*, *Bar-low*, *Ward-law*, &c.

Among Mr. L.'s generic names, we miss *Forth*, *Foss*, *ditch* (the corruption of *Wilburge-foss* to *Wilberforce* is mentioned by him elsewhere), *Lynn* (Celtic) lake, waterfall, *Mount*, *Rock* (*Roche*), *Weald* (*Weale*; Anglo-Saxon, 'weald')—which, as well as "*Wold*, a hill destitute of wood," whatever they may now be, must once have been forests,—and a few others. *Armitage* is doubtless 'hermitage; ar-myte being an archaism for 'hermit'; and *Armitstead* seems to have the same meaning. "*Bold*" (Anglo-Saxon; German *-boldt*, *Hum-boldt*), "a dwelling;" whence *Arch-bold*, *New-bold*, *Rum-bold*; *Eccles* (église, ecclesia, ἐκκλησία), 'a church,'—and a few more, are appended to this edition.

To a class exceeding in number all others put together in something like a proportion of ten to one, it is not surprising to find that very many puzzling surnames may in the end be traced; whenever, therefore, the etymologist is graverled, we advise him first to try carefully here, and next in the foreign, and chiefly the French, German, and Low-Country cognomenclatures. In proof of this, the following more or less queer-looking or odd-sounding names, most of which are given by Mr. Lower, some with other explanations, will be found on examination to be taken from places: *Bunting*, *Whiting*, *Curling*, most of the *-ings* and all the *Ingers*; *Boxwell*, *Tugwell* (*Tuckwell*), *Mixwell*, *Sitwell*, *Eastwell*, *Cantwell*, *Markwell*, and all the *Wells*; *Mutton* (*Mytton*), *Wanton*, and all the *-tons*; *Medicott*, *Petecote*, *Gaicote*, *Topcote*, *Nethercote*, *Westcott*, *Woolcote*, *Whitchcote*, and all the *Coates*; *Barberry*, *Cranberry*, and all the *Berries*; *Birdseye*, *Sharpey*, *Thorney*, *Fortye*, and all the *-eyes*; *Motley*, *Madley* (*Methly*), *Parsley*, *Barley*, *Cleverty*, *Quickly*, *Dodley*, *Lively*, *Lovely*, *Godley*, *Hardly*, *Weakly* (*Wakley*), *Sully*, *Pulley*, *Bulley*, and all the *Leyes*, *Lyes*, and *-lys*; *Redness*, *Longness*, *Thickness*, *Filtness*, *Harkness*, *Harness*, and all the *Nesses*; *Honeybum* (*Honey-*

* Burn's "History of the Foreign Protestant Refugees settled in England," reviewed in *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1517.

† Other instances of the perverse introduction of the letter *h* are *Chrisp*, *Ghrimes*, *Holy Rhoad*.

‡ Those who are curious in derivations may like to hear the same etymologist's way of accounting for *Jenkins*: "From *Iutina-cynn*, *Iatna-kynn* (Jutes' kin or race), come *Jekyn*, *Jenkyns*, &c." Well may the Welsh sing, "Of noble race was Shenkin!"

leune), *Leatherbarrow*, *Bestow*, *Whetstone*, (*Wheatstone*), *Wick*, *Wigg*, *Weeks*, *Beer*, *Perry*, *Weedall*, *Buriall*, *Wagner*, *Polkinghorne*, and many of the *Jones*; *Pennymore*, *Beardmore*, and most of the *Mores*; *Haltwhistle*, *Birdwhistle*, and all the *-whistles*; *Gill*, *Yard*, *Halfyard*, *Loveland*, *Lovegrove*, *Love-thorpe*, *Hornhold* (*Horninghold*), *Sternhold*, *Blackadder*, *Bottle*, *Settle*, *Whittle*, *Burnboom*, *Ayckbourn*, *Barnside*; *Roubotham*, *Ramsbottom*, *Shufflebottom*, and all the *Bottoms*, and *Bothams*; *Kilpack*, and other *Packs*; *Kilpeck*, and other *Pecks*; *Coldburn*, *Hartburn*, *Kilburn*, and all the *Burns*; *Startforth*, *Cutforth*, *Catcham*, *Pulham*, *Burnham*, *Whipham*, *Chester*, *Suezum*, &c. &c. &c.

"Names derived from Occupations and Pursuits" are not, we think, in spite of Master Camden and Mr. Lower, "the most in number after these local names," those from Christian names, &c., amounting, as has been said, to seven hundred, while we cannot raise our list of trade-names, including "dignities and offices," to which a separate essay is assigned, above three hundred and fifty; nevertheless this is in some respects the most interesting and curious class of all, and we are sorry to be able to say so little about it. Mr. L. thinks that "in no country are they so various and abundant as in England," while M. Salverte (whose knowledge of English surnames seems but limited) asserts that they are commoner in France: they will, however, be found, we think, to be about equally numerous in England, France, Germany, and the Netherlands. At all events, most of our common trade-names may with little trouble be identified there, and further search would doubtless discover them all: our *Smith*, *Baker*, *Miller*, *Turner*, *Mason*, *Carpenter*, *Potter*, *King*, *Bishop*, *Knight*, for instance, may shake hands with their *Lefèvre*, *Bou langer*, *Meunier*, (*Le*) *Tourneur*, *Mason*, *Charpentier*, *Potier*, *Le Roi*, *L'Évêque*, *Chevalier*; *Schmidt*, *Becker*, *Müller*, *Drachler*, *Maurer*, *Zimmermann*, *Töpfer*, *König*, *Büschel*, *Ritter*; *Smid*, *Bekker*, *Molenaar*, *Potter*, *de Koning*, *de Ridder*, &c.

In one instance Mr. L. is clearly right in preferring his own opinion to that of a "learned correspondent," who asserts that "Canning, Channing, and Gunning," are so many forms of the Anglo-Saxon *cynning*, king. To us they have the appearance of local names—"which there is no doubt they are. Such an idea may have arisen from Mr. Carlyle's connexion of Canning with King—"King, Kinning" (?), which means *Can-nine*, *Able-man*,"* far too *Tooke*-like a fancy to satisfy us. The Anglo-Saxon *cynning* too soon became *cyng*, and *kyng*, to allow of any such descent; Mr. J. Kemble (after Grimm, we suppose) derives *cynning* from *cyn*, kin, race, like *generosus* from *genus*.

Only a few short and disjointed remarks on some names of this class can be added.

Chaucer (*chawcer*) was certainly *shoe*; we know not whether ever *shoemaker*, as Mr. L. has it; still it may have meant both, representing some such middle-age and middling Latin words as *calcear* and *calcearius*.

"*Hellier* for *tiler*, *slater*, or *thatcher*," (Anglo-Saxon, *helan*, 'to cover') is a common south and south-west country name; to *helle* or *heal*, for to *ref*, *thatch*, is still a common provincialism in the same parts of England. Hence one would have expected *healer*, but the same change is seen in many other words, as *collier*, *sawyer*, *grazier*, &c.; and *Wheeler* has become *Whillier*, not only in rustic speech, but in some parish registers.

We do not think there is yet such a surname as "Ice-monger," though there is no knowing what Wenham Lake may do. Should it not be *Ice-monger*, which certainly is one, from the German *Eisen-menger*, our *Ironmonger* or *Iremonger*?

"-ER" is not "unquestionably derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wer* or *were*, 'a man.' " Were is no Anglo-Saxon word, and the Anglo-Saxon termination is *-ere*,—two facts which rather make against this positive assertion.

We cannot, of course, agree with Mr. L. (p. 189, note) in thinking the corruption of *-man* to *-mer*, in *Heasman*, *Heasmer*, *Hickman*, *Hickmer*, &c. "interesting, as seeming to indicate something like a remembrance of the meaning of the original Saxon termination *ER*, and its identity with *MAN*."

Pottinger, was an old word for cook, as well as "Scottish for apothecary."

Grave, *Graves*, *Greaves*, and all the names ending in *-grave* or *-greve*, we should be inclined to refer to *-grove*, of which *greave* and *greve* were old forms, and, we believe, *grave* also; as, though Mr. Halliwell does not give the word* in his Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Bailey has

"*Grava*, a grove or small wood, O. L.," and "*Gravot* (*Gravatt* is a surname), a grove, O." There seems no need to go to Germany even for *Waldgrave*, *Margrave*, *Hargrave*, or even *Palgrave*, however well they may be fitted with German, or, what is as much to the purpose, with Anglo-Saxon meanings, as *Grafen*, *ge-rejan*, *Grieves*, *Reeves*, counts or stewards of various kinds, for they all appear to be genuine English local names. *Walgrave* is in Northamptonshire, *Palgrave* in Suffolk, *Hargrave* also, and in two other counties beside, and we believe that, like *Musgrave*, *Colgrave*, and *Wingrave*, *Margrave*, *Congreve*, and all the rest, will be found to have local habitations chiefly in the northern and north-midland counties. *Pals-grave*, also a surname, is the old English form of the German *Palzgraf*, count-palatine, which Mr. L. cites for *Palgrave*: many names, however, admit of two or even more plausible interpretations. *Wood-reeve*, one who looked after woods, has become *Woodriff*, *Woodruff*,† *Woodrow*, &c.

[The conclusion next week.]

OLD RECOLLECTIONS OF FRANCE.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

THE following selections relate to remarkable persons, and may properly be added to those with which we last week broke off in our review of the hundred years old Marchioness:

"The Marquis de Dangeau used to come and sleep sometimes at the Hotel de Breteuil, but he was always wrapt in such impenetrable folds of decorum, that I am really at a loss what to tell you about him, except that, to me, he was the most annoying person in the world, and I was always in alarm lest I should say or do something of which he would disapprove. It was said at the time, that he was writing his memoirs, and when at last they appeared, they did not strike me as being either more interesting or less insignificant than their author. The old Duc de St. Simon, who used only to pay us visits, and never supped from home lest he should have to entertain in return, was also fabricating memoirs. I say fabricating, because I have heard him protest, in my presence, more than a hundred times, that none of the circumstances therein detailed ever happened to him! You may therefore judge of the estimation in which I held his veracity. He was a miserable, sick creature, dried up with envy, devoured by vain ambition, and always harping upon his ducal coronet. Jean Baptiste Rousseau used to compare his eyes to 'two coals set in an omelette'; and trifling as the simile seems, it is not the less true. Jean Baptiste Rousseau, who had the face of a Silenus and the figure of a rustic, came sometimes to dine at the Hotel de Breteuil, but not to *sup*, as that would not have been *de convenance*. We were enchanted with his odes, and my uncle allowed him a pension of 600 livres, which our cousins continued to him in Flanders after his exile and lawsuit, in which Saurin behaved most unworthily."

* He does give *Greaves*, *Greves*; the latter, however, with an "r." There seems little doubt of all three forms; this is one of many cases wherein proper names, whether of places or persons, may throw light upon archaisms and provincialisms.

† It is singular that the pretty little plant *woodruff* (spelt by some *woodrough*, referring to the generic name, *Aperula*) should in German be called *wald-meister*, wood-master; some mythological notion probably lurks here.

But of all the visitors to the Hotel de Breteuil, the most important and interesting to the then young lady was George the ninth Lord Keith, an exile from the fifteen. Between him and the fair lady a mutual love arose, of which in her old, old age she fondly repeats:

"Why should I not speak to you of Milord Maréchal? since every one who tells you of the affection with which he inspired me will also be obliged to allow that we conducted ourselves with perfect propriety towards each other. Milord Maréchal (I shall never be able to write that name without emotion!) was, when I saw him at my uncle's, a handsome Scotchman, twenty-four years of age, intelligent, sensible, and grave. He came from England on a mission from the English Jacobites to the refugees, and he had political audiences at the Hotel de Breteuil, where he used to meet his uncles the Dukes of Perth and Melfort. If you wish to have an idea of his personal appearance, you must look at that charming portrait of the handsome Caylus, the favourite of Henry the Third, which you inherited from the Connétable de Lesdiguières, and which is among our pictures, in a gilt frame encrusted with amethysts. (Be it said, in speaking of this picture, that Henry the Third had forgotten it in his oratory at Chenonceaux, and it was Queen Louise de Vaudemont who presented it to the constable.) The young lord fell in love with your grandmother, then a young girl, and not devoid (according to other people) of attractions. We began by looking at one another first with curiosity, then with interest, and at last with emotion. Next, we used to listen to the conversation of each other without being able to answer a word, and then neither could speak at all in the presence of the other, owing to our voices at first trembling and then failing us altogether; so, to make a long story short, he one day said to me, apropos to nothing, 'If I dared to fall in love with you, would you ever forgive me?' 'I should be enchanted!' said I, and we relapsed into our usual formal silence, bestowing as many looks as we could upon one another, and our eyes beaming with radiant happiness. In this manner did we spend six weeks or two months, looking without speaking, each day bringing increased delight. My aunt permitted him to give me some lessons in Spanish, not English; for, in fact, at that time no one thought of learning English, nor any other northern language. The people of the north learnt French, but the French learnt only Italian or Castilian. Milord Georges spoke Spanish and Italian quite as well as French, that is to say, perfectly. He came once, and sat upon a bench behind mine, for a young lady in my day was never installed in a chair with a back, much less in an arm-chair. As the lessons which he gave me never took place except in the Hotel de Breteuil, under the eye of my aunt, and in the presence of numerous spectators, there was no reason why my cousin Emilie should take offence; and yet this was always the case! Milord Georges had translated into French for me (after the English fashion, in blank verse, that is to say, without rhyme, but not without reason) a charming stanza that his father had written for him, and which I often in my thoughts apply to you:

"When first thy wakening eyes beheld the light,
Thou wert in tears, whilst those around thee smiled;
So live, that when thy spirit takes its flight,
Thine be the smiles and theirs the tears, my child."

"He related to me one evening with great glee the adventures of some Dutch heiress who had eloped with an English Orange-man; her parents had put in the London papers, that if she would not return, at least to send back the key of the tea-caddy, which she had carried away with her! This set me off laughing, upon which Mlle. de Preuille fancied we were making game of her, when I am sure she was not even in our thoughts. Emilie uttered thereon some remarks, and this decided the young lord to make a proposal of marriage for me, which was immediately submitted

to my father, my grandmother (of whom I have lately spoken), and my aunt De Breteuil-Charmeaux, the coward, who shrieked at the idea, because the Marischal of Scotland must be a Protestant! I had never thought of that! The discovery burst upon me so suddenly and so grievously, that I cannot even now dwell on it without shuddering, and without having a bitter recollection of what I suffered. We ascertained, however, that he was a Calvinist; and he said so himself; and Heaven is my witness that from that moment I did not hesitate. I refused the hand of Milord Maréchal; and two days afterwards he set off to return to his own country; from whence he wrote to my aunt to say, that grief and despair would lead him to acts which would bring him to the scaffold. There, my dear child, is the history of the only predilection I ever had in my life for any one except M. de Créquy, to whom I was honest enough to talk of it without reserve. When we met again, after a lapse of many years, we made a discovery which equally surprised and affected us both. We had never ceased thinking of one another; our hearts had been so devotedly attached, that they remained replete with sentiments which at first made us melancholy, but were afterwards a source of the highest gratification. There is a world of difference between the love which has endured throughout a lifetime, and that which burnt fiercely in our youth, and there paused. In the latter case, time has not laid bare defects, nor taught the bitter lesson of mutual failings; a delusion has existed on both sides which experience has not destroyed, and delighting in the idea of each other's perfections, that thought has seemed to smile on both with unspeakable sweetness, till, when we meet in a grey old age, feelings so tender, so pure, and so solemn arise, that they can be compared to no other sentiments or impressions of which our nature is capable. This visit of the Marischal of Scotland took place in the presence of Madame de Nevers, and it moved her to the depths of her soul. You were born then, my dear grandson! and the Maréchal was seventy years of age. 'Listen,' said he, 'listen to the only French verses I ever composed, and perhaps to the only reproaches that were ever addressed to you:

'Un trait, lancé par caprice
M'atteignit dans mon printemps;
J'en porte la cicatrice
Encor sous mes cheveux blancs.
Craignez les maux qu'amour cause,
Et plaignez un insensé
Qui n'a point cueilli la rose,
Et que l'épine a blessé.'

From those proud eyes two or three tears trickled down his venerable cheeks. 'Are you going again immediately to join the king?' said I; 'shall we be separated for ever?—will you never be converted to the true faith?' 'I am *des vôtres* after, as before, death,' said he, with beautiful simplicity. 'I have ever loved you too well not to embrace your religion—what religion can equal that which gives us strength to make self-sacrifices? In fact, I have become a Catholic, and I am Catholic in spirit and in truth.' This announcement from so noble an old man has been the joy and comfort of the rest of my life!

The Marchioness tells an odd story of Handel stealing the music of our 'God save the King,' and which has since been occasionally revived: with her it runs thus:

'Scarcely had we entered the pew which was called the bishop's, when we saw the king appear in the royal pew, which is opposite the altar. He came in with his head covered; he wore a little three-cornered hat, richly laced, which he took off, first to bow to the altar, then to a gilt grating, behind which was Madame de Maintenon, and lastly to the Duchesse de Maine and the rest of us—for our pew happened to be in a line with that of his majesty—without regard to our difference in rank. The whole of the king's suite, as well as the ladies and gentlemen with the princess, his daughter-in-law, did not come into the chapel of St. Cyr; at all

events, if they were there, we did not see them. That which made the most lasting impression upon me was, the sound of the beautiful voices of the young girls, who, unexpectedly to me, burst forth in unison and chanted an anthem, or rather a national and religious hymn—the words by Madame de Brinon, and the music by the celebrated Lully. The words, which I obtained a long time afterwards, were as follows:

'Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi;
Grand Dieu, vengez le roi;
Vive le roi!
Que, toujours glorieux,
Louis, victorieux
Voie ses ennemis
Toujours soumis!
Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi;
Grand Dieu, vengez le roi;
Vive le roi!'

Even should you have sufficient curiosity, you need give yourself but little trouble as to procuring the music, since a German, of the name of Handel, carried it away with him to Paris; and there, with an eye to his own interest, presented it as a homage to King George of Hanover. *Messieurs les Anglais* ended by adopting it as their own, and producing it as one of their national airs!'

The proof utterly disproving all this fancy is perfect and irresistible.

The stories of Count Walsh and Count de Horn—the latter so full of tragedy—will be read with interest in the first volume; and to the miscellaneous extracts we have made from it, we shall now only add a few others of the same kind from the second, which we are sure will amuse our readers without the interruption of critical remark.

At a pilgrimage to a holy well—miraculous for curing the blind—our author says:

'Guess whom we saw arrive to pay her devotions? Madame du Deffand, who never believed in any thing! and the Chevalier de Pont-de-Vesle, assisted by several lacqueys, opened a passage for her. She was nearly blind, and her cavalier did not see a bit better than herself, so this grand drinking was not for them, as it was for us, a mere precautionary measure. We had the satisfaction of seeing them each swallow exactly and scrupulously a full mug of this blessed water! We felt pretty certain that they would not go and boast of the act in their philosophical circles, and we determined that we ourselves would not mention it, that we might not afford any subject for joking on a devotional exercise, and especially to avoid any remarks being made upon these two strange pilgrims, for whom the charitable feelings of Madame de Maréchal were alarmed beyond measure. It was in vain that I told her that this Madame du Deffand had not much to lose in point of public estimation or

'It is not only the statement of Madame de Créquy, of the remarkable effrontery of the German composer, that has set critics at work as to the origin of 'God save the King?' Two English newspapers have already spoken of it in the same terms. The 'Gazette de France' also has pointed out several documents which bear upon it; and lastly, the French journal 'La Mode,' in the number for the 31st of July, 1831, contains an article which it might not be useless to extract here:

'Letters from Edinburgh mention that the *Mrs. Memoirs* of the Duchess of Perth were to be sold in London for 3000*l.* sterling. They are replete with interesting details of the court of Louis the Fourteenth, as well as of that of King James, during the residence of their Britannic majesties at the château of St. Germain-en-Laye. Her grace, in giving an account of the establishment at St. Cyr, bears witness to a fact not unknown in France, but the authenticity of which depended on the old nuns of that house, namely, that the words and air of 'God save the King' were of French origin: 'Lorsque le roy très-Chrétien entroit dans la chapelle, tout le chœur desdites demoiselles nobles y chantoient à chaque fois les paroles suivantes, et sur un très-bel air du Sieur de Lully:

'Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roy.'
(&c. &c. as before.)

The tradition handed down at St. Cyr was, that the composer, Handel, during his visit to the superior of this royal house, had requested and obtained permission to copy the air and words of this Gallic invocation, which he immediately afterwards offered to George the First as his own composition, &c. &c.

'A declaration, signed by four nuns of St. Cyr, fully confirms this assertion of the author.—(Note of the French Editor.)'

personal consideration, adding that the intimacy which existed between her and Pont-de-Vesle had been for a long time food for scandal. 'It would be the means of preventing their pilgrimages for the future, and of their ever putting their feet in a church again,' was her reply; and certain it is, we kept it a profound secret except from the Duke of Penthièvre, to whom we told every thing, and who was secrecy itself. He was very much amused at the pilgrimage of these two philosophical encyclopædistic lovers to preserve the fine eyes of Madame du Deffand by the suffrages and through the mediation of the blessed Gédéviève of Nanterre! If their friends Alembert and Holbach had ever heard of it, what a choke-pear it would have been for them!'

To preserve Pearls.—'I never saw Madame d'Egmont more brilliant or more beautifully dressed. She had on a black dress, quietly but handsomely trimmed with a rich and elegant embroidery of nasturtiums, the colour and size of nature, with their leaves of gold; she wore all the hereditary pearls of the house of Egmont, which were worth at least four hundred thousand crowns, and which were as strictly entailed in the family as a *majorat* of Castile or a principality of the empire. These were the very pearls on which the republic of Venice had lent so much money to the Comte Lamoral d'Egmont, to carry on the war of the Low-Countries against King Philip and the Duke d'Albe, his stadtholder. It is remarkable that of all these pearls there were only two which were spoilt since the 16th century. Monsieur d'Egmont used to say, that to prevent pearls from spoiling, or ever becoming discoloured, it was sufficient to keep them shut up with a piece of the root of the ash. Monsieur de Buffon would not believe this; but the test of it, handed down from generation to generation in an old family, is more to be valued, in my opinion, than all the arguments of an ascetic demician.'

Madame de Pompadour.—'Of Madame de Pompadour I have nothing particular to say, except that I never could understand how any one could think her handsome or pretty; her admirers said that her artlessness and vivacity were charming; but that was probably at the period of her early youth, when the favours that were lavished upon her were unknown, and for this reason I am unable to bear witness to them. My only chance of meeting her was at the theatres, where I never went, and in churches, where I fancy she seldom made her appearance; in fact, the first time I ever saw her was in the gallery of Versailles on the day of her presentation. She was a mean little person, with eyes verging on blue, but of the dullest expression; her hair was yellow, about the same colour as her skin, so that deep mourning without powder or rouge was fatal to her appearance; her eyelashes were short, uneven, and scanty—there were two red marks where eyebrows ought to have been, and her teeth were such as any one might procure (provided he had courage enough) for about fifty louis the set. Her hands also were common and dumpy; her feet badly put on, and stunk rather than small,—absurdly turned out too, like those of an opera-dancer! In fact, this adored one of the greatest king and handsomest prince in the world always looked miserable, her face wore an expression of pain, and her words were languid and dispirited. It is rather remarkable that Madame de Pompadour appeared least at ease when in company with women of character, and this may be said of her from Queen Marie of Poland; down to her tire-woman, Mademoiselle Sublet, who never quitted the chapel of Versailles except to take her meals, or to go and sleep in the queen's dressing-room at half-past seven in the evening. Fortunately for her, the queen never made an evening toilet. Sometimes we made parties of pleasure to go and surprise her in her nocturnal abode, where her couch was shaded by dried-up box-trees as though in a grove, and under a bower of branches which had been blessed; she was cer-

tainly the most free-and-easy and the strangest person that ever had the charge of fixing pom-poms on a crowned head! Louis the XVth, who was always ready for any joke, said to us one fine evening: 'Let us go and contemplate Mademoiselle Sublet!' 'You will find her,' said the queen, 'with a bust of your majesty, which she has modelled in barley-sugar.' 'That is excellent—we will go and eat it,' replied he. The queen pushed me into the room; and I called aloud: 'Sublet! the king sends me to ask if you have not been struck by a *coup-de-soleil* whilst you were undressing for bed.' 'Why, what o'clock is it? Does the king pass the night with the queen?' said the worthy creature, starting up in bed with a bound of joy. The king, who was behind me, had hold of me by the cuff (*à l'engante*), and I answered Mlle. Sublet, with no slight embarrassment, that it was past nine, but beyond that I had not a word to say. 'Would you believe,' she continued, making the sign of the cross, 'would you believe it is near six weeks since the king slept here?' 'But Sublet,' I inquired, anxious to interrupt her, 'what little chapel is that at your bedside?' 'It is a likeness of the king, our master, with all sorts of nick-nacks, between two candlesticks with rose-coloured wax-lights in them, as you perceive, and draped *à la milaine* with perfumed silk. I used formerly to place superb bouquets there, but in truth I am too angry with him now! you see that there is not a single little flower in those two medicine-phials!' 'It is quite true,' I replied. 'Last autumn I put there two *poemes d'api*, one on each side of his little bust, but I took them away and made the little Marchais eat them, on account of that blue ribbon of the Marquis de Marigny.' I was on thorns, as may easily be supposed. 'You see that fine orange, do you not? I took it from the grand sideboard on purpose to place it before him! Very well!' she continued, with an expression of great rage, 'I shall finish by eating it if he goes on in this manner! I shall eat it before his very eyes and nose! I will eat your orange,' she pursued, apostrophising her barley-sugar king, and she set her teeth and gesticulated with her fists. She was in such a transport of exasperation, that I fully expected her to mention a certain person's name, and I turned hastily away in the direction of their majesties, who had already preceded me to the drawing-room. I there found the poor queen, her eyes red with weeping, and her heart full; the king seemed to us in unusually low spirits, but without any appearance of anger. 'I must beg you to allow me to retire to my oratory,' said the queen in accents of ineffable sweetness, 'as I wish to attend the communion to-morrow morning.' The king kissed her hand and pressed it to his bosom; the expression of his eye softened as he looked upon her, and taking especial care to inform her that he should sup with her the following evening without fail, he then betook himself to Madame de Pompadour, who for the last two or three months had lived in the palace.

With this we take our leave of an interesting publication.

AMERICAN TOURISTS.

The Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Jungfrau Alp. By G. B. Cheever, D.D. Pp. 214. Wiley and Putnam.

The Alps and the Rhine: a Series of Sketches. By J. T. Headley. Pp. 138. The same.

Messrs. Wiley and Putnam are indefatigable in bringing the literary effusions of their countrymen into the English market, and enabling us to judge of their progress across the Atlantic. Both of these volumes belong to the religious and descriptive, with a spice of the romantic, or sentimental, school. From the conclusion of the former, we should infer that it was an absurdity to write a book about Switzerland; though the author has done so; for he says:

"Farewell, now, to Alpine nature, that world of such glorious images and thoughts! He who has

visited it with a wakeful soul, and felt the steadfast eye of its great mountains upon him, whether beneath the glittering sun or the mild melancholy moon, whether at day-dawn or in the flush of sunset, and seen the rush of its white avalanches, and heard their thunder, and the billows of its glaciers, with the invulnerable life and far-off roar and fury of their cataracts, and the living flowers that enamel the valleys and skirt the eternal frosts, has a book of glory in his heart, where, in the words of Dante, Memory mocks the toil of genius, a book which no man can write, a book on which the light from heaven is shining, and which he will carry with him even to his grave."

Neither does the latter afford us new matter from the beaten path, wherewith to attempt to inform or entertain our readers. That it is a pleasant miscellaneous tour, is all that can be said about it; We select only one brief quotation, as characteristic of the volume:

"I went by railroad from Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle (forty-three miles), and stopping there only long enough to get breakfast, found no time to see the town. The railroad is not yet finished from it to Liege, and travellers are compelled to go by diligence. The distance is about twenty-six miles; and having an unconquerable dislike to diligence-travelling, I determined to hire a carriage. An English gentleman, standing at the door as I was inquiring about the terms, &c., said he should like to take a carriage with me. I gladly accepted his proposal, and we started off in company. I mention this incident to illustrate an Englishman's ignorance of the United States. I had heard some of our most distinguished writers, male and female, speak of it in their encounters with the English in their own country, but had never met any marked case of it myself. But this man, who spent every summer on the Continent, knew no more of the American Republic than an idiot. Among other things illustrating his ignorance, in reply to my statement that I was from New York, he said, 'New York—let me see—does that belong to the *Canadas* yet?' I told him I believed not; that it was my impression it had been separated from it for some time. 'Ah!' said he; and that ended his inquiries on that point. It was equal to the remark of an English literary lady once to one of my own distinguished countrywomen. In speaking of the favourable features of the United States, she remarked very naively, that she should think the climate would be very cool in summer, from the wind blowing over the *Cordilleras mountains*!"

Bohn's Standard Library: Sismondi's Literature of Europe. 2 vols. Schlegel's Philosophy of History. 1 vol. London, Bohn.

THESE standard works have passed the ordeal of universal criticism, and enjoy a very high and well-deserved European reputation. Sismondi and Schlegel are names familiar to every reader, and sensibly appreciated wherever true literature is sought. Given to the English public in the convenient form and at the less than moderate price here combined, we may truly and justly say, that they are a boon for which we ought to be grateful to their publisher. They are as cheap as the most insignificant and senseless compilations, and they are as valuable as the best and dearest. Therefore may we hope that they will extensively supersede the former; and thus, whilst they convey to the general thirster after knowledge information of a useful and sterling character, reward the enterprise which produces them in so acceptable and available a shape.

The second volume of Roscoe's *Leo X.* has also been added since our former notice.

Bogue's European Library: Pontificate of Leo X. Vol. II. *Michalet's Life of Luther.* Translated by W. Hazlitt, Esq. London, Bogue.

THESE is a little of distraction and confusion on a Reviewer's table, in consequence of the serials

which are ever tumbling in to crowd and perplex it. The above popular volumes lie before us, and merit our favourable report, as having appeared since we welcomed their precursors in this series.

Barrow-Digging. By a Barrow-Knight, &c. &c. London, J. Ollivier; Bakewell, J. Goodwin.

A RIGHT merry *jeu d'esprit*, in which archæological affairs are discussed with a racy humour. Some of the poesy is of high merit, and the notes, by An Esquire, very satirical and piquant.

Love, War, and Adventure: Tala. By H. Harkness. 3 vols. E. Churton.

ADVENTURE, dull; love, duller; war, duller. Such is the comparative scale of the three subjects of the title. The complete work is to us as a sealed book, for we freely confess having failed to read the three volumes through. The author's own tales are as heavy as prolixity can make them. But one, at least, of the contributions, by a friend and relation, is considerably more lively, though not belonging to the most delicate class.

Temper and Temperament. Vol. I. By Mrs. Ellis. R. Fisher.

WITH some beautiful engravings, this volume begins one of those moral tales which Mrs. Ellis pens with no less frequency than fervency for the guidance of her sex. As far as it goes, it shows her usual skill in construction and the description of natural feelings, leading to no uncommon events, but all tending to improve the mind.

The ParLOUR Novelist. The Commander of Malta. By Eugene Sue. Translated by A. Doisy. Belfast, Simms and McIntyre; London, Orr and Co.

THE run of the cheap press is now greatly in favour of the French novelists, of whose productions we have translations of every shape and at every price. Their respective merits and demerits are consequently pretty well known to English readers. The school, as a whole, is a bad and vicious one—with few exceptions low in literature, and lower in morals: the present is one of the least, if at all, objectionable; and may, without injury, furnish amusement for an hour or two to the novel-reader. We would refer to our Paris letters within the present year for judicious and just critiques on the *feuilleton* writers of Paris.

Pen-and-Ink Sketches of Poets, Preachers, and Politicians. Pp. 275. D. Bogue.

WITH some acquaintance with the public world of London, the writer does not appear to us to be sufficiently intimate with it, nor with the characters he describes, to stamp his work with any high degree of merit or authenticity. The *ensemble* reminds us (though in a better style) of the productions of Mr. Mudie.

Moral Heroism; or, the Trials and Triumphs of the Great and Good. By Clara L. Balfour. Pp. 368. Houlston and Stoneman.

SKETCHES of Howard the philanthropist, Oberlin, Robert Walker, John Bunyan, Dr. A. Murray, Dr. Hope, William Penn, William Gifford, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Lady Rachel Russell, Mrs. Fry, and others, viewed under circumstances of difficulty or suffering, and set up as patterns for imitation. A creditable little book, from good motives, and calculated to do good.

Helen Stanley: a Tale. By Matilda M. Hays. Pp. 333. Churton.

A MODEST single-volume novel, of not unusual incidents and general complexion. A wealthy and refined merchant, whose only daughter is the heroine, and as perfect as fictitious heroines commonly are, undergoes a reverse of fortune, and upon it turn the spokes of the young lady's life, till in the end all comes right, and happiness falls upon doubts and sufferings. The fair author moralises a good deal, and therefore her book may safely be put into the hands of the youthful of her sex who can be led through a story of ordinary life to seek the instruction of good example.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHURCH-PORCH.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

April 21, 1846.

SIR,—In recording the proceedings of the British Archaeological Association in your last number, mention is thus made of "a drawing of an elegant font or piscina built into the wall of All Saints Church, Hastings. The date and object of this strange act of Vandalism are alike unknown."

Now, sir, the act was not that of Vandals, but of Christians; and its object can be pretty well ascertained.

I am too fully sensible of the value of space in your columns to go into a lengthened history of the old English church-porch, however inviting it may be; but shall merely advert to the solemn rites primitively performed therein, when it was customary not only to baptise, but also to marry people and to bury them in the church-porch. Hence this "font or piscina" was there placed to hold consecrated water (called by St. Austin *sacrum regenerationis*, the sacred laver of regeneration) for the holy baptism; when, after receiving this, the first sacrament of the Christian Church, "the child entered it as into the care of a guardian; she takes him up in all the solemn crises of life, and at his death receives him into her bosom. The Church is the general home, the universal mother, the mediator and conciliator between this world and the next, the outward and visible sign of the revelation of the Divine law."

We have many instances of fonts being placed in the porch of our ancient churches; there is a beautiful hexagon one in the porch of East Dereham Church, Norfolk.

Until the time of Edward VI. marriages were performed in the church-porch, and not in the church. Chaucer alludes to this custom, in his description of the Wife of Bath:

"She was a worthy woman all her live,
Husbands at the church-door she had five."

Edward I. was married at the door of Canterbury Cathedral, September 9, 1299, to Margaret, sister of the king of France: and until 1559, the people of France were married at the church-door.

Many relations might be given of funerals having been solemnised within the church-porch. St. Awdry, who died of the pestilence in the year 669, and St. Chad, who probably, says the Rev. Mr. Samuel Pegge, did not outlive the year 672, with other persons of that era, of extraordinary reputed sanctity, being anxious to creep near the church,* were the first persons placed there. Among the many legends relative to St. Swithin, there is one stating that his corpse not being allowed to enter the church, it was placed in the church-porch, where it remained forty days, during which time it rained incessantly. This account agrees in some measure, sir, with the Latin legend quoted in your review of Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*; which I imagine William of Malmesbury has also given us as a proof of St. Swithin's great humility: "for when he was about to bid farewell to this life, he gave orders to be buried outside the church, exposed to the rain dropping from the skies, and the treading of the passers-by;" and so he continued for some time; but the ecclesiastics not liking that a person of his sanctity should be so exposed, dug him up; when it is probable that, agreeably with his desire to be buried outside the church, they placed him in the porch.†

The churchwardens' accounts of Banwell, Somersetshire, contain the following curious items:—"1521. Rec^d. of Robert Cabyll, for the lying of

his wyffe in the porche, 3s. 4d. Rec^d. of Robert Blandon, for the lying of his wyffe in the church, 6s. 8d." By which it appears that the fee was as much again for burying in the church as in the porch.

That renowned centenarian, old Parr, did penance in the porch of his parish-church for a misdeemeanor.

Before I close these observations, allow me to remark, that few objects are more worthy the serious attention of the antiquarian than the picturesque country church-porch; and among the most pleasing is that of Stoke Poges. It would be shewing bad taste indeed to pass it unheeded; for it was there Gray occasionally retired, and whilst his eyes were gazing on the solemn and secluded scene before him, his mind was creating that imperishable model of pure British poetry, the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE SMEETON.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

GENERAL REMARKS: ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE *Literary Gazette* having taken the initiative and led the way to public investigation in several recent instances where the governments of public institutions have been arraigned, and the strain having been taken up and extended by the *Times*, *Lancet*, and other contemporary periodicals, we seem called upon to go more generally into the subject, which is one of no slight importance to the science and literature of the land, including also its fine arts and useful progress.

There can be no question but that with the lapse of years every institution established for the promotion of any desirable object is prone to become less efficient, and its direction, management, and patronage, to be monopolised. This result has so invariably followed that we may assume it to be unavoidable. In the first place, the things required get to be at any rate partially accomplished; and thus there is not so much to be done. New objects must be brought into the field, or stirring crises must arise to re-invigorate the system, and produce fresh activity: if neither occur, supineness and quiet jog-trot, except when some little job makes an excitement, is the prevailing order of the day and night.

A general feeling of the inefficiency of the old corps now spreads abroad; and a want of something to supply their inertia leads to the formation of other similar associations, but limiting their views within smaller compass, and defining their projected course with greater distinctness. But this splitting of scientific or literary pursuits is in itself also liable to objection; for it necessarily begets weakness, want of sufficient numbers to afford adequate support, and, after a short season, a falling off in the spirit and exertions of the originators to carry them on. Age and its infirmities overtake Institutions precisely as they overtake Individuals: they paley, atrophy, die; and a corner's inquest must bring in the verdict natural death. In late cases, however, we see some of the oldest absolutely committing suicide, and struggling for an untimely and inglorious end.

Let us cast a glance at a few, say three, of the longest lived and most important of these national designs. We find the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Linnæan Society. How deep has been their repose for many years a glance at their publications will suffice to demonstrate. The slowness of the Royal Society throws England behind all civilised Europe. When it so happens that some gifted member does take the start in extra-

tioned, the feet towards the door; which custom Persius thus alludes to in his third Satire:

"See now the trumpets and the torches!—see

Our spark laid out in sad solemnity!

Stretch'd on the bier, bedaub'd with unguents o'er,

While his stiff heels lie pointed to the door."

This mode of placing the dead was likewise in use among the Greeks.—*Hom. Il. xix. v. 212.*

ordinary invention or great discovery, the echo from the walls of Somerset House is heard at so wonderful a distance of space and time from the report, that half the Continent has made or claimed the matter for its own before the Strand has heard of it. *Vide Talbot passim*, and Faraday at this hour. And persons, as well as countries, are, in nearly the same way, enabled to rob the originators of any remarkable advance in science.

Then turn we to the Antiquaries.—Lethargy impersonated; and, as we have shewn in several late *Gazettes*, the principal persons who kept it alive by their communications sedulously excluded from its councils, and its meetings resolved into absolute inanition. The dreary half-hour vestibule to be enjoyed, before entering into the interior dulness of the Royal.

Hardly, if at all, more effective has the Linnæan been since the death of Sir Joseph Banks terminated the pleasant and social evening meetings under his auspices, which contributed considerably to the intercourse of travelled men and the diffusion of their information.

Out of this condition of things almost a chaos of novelties has sprung—each professing to do some particular service for literature or science. National literature, strictly speaking, unrepresented before, was taken up by the Royal Society of Literature, munificently endowed by George the Fourth. That endowment, unfortunately, was withdrawn on his decease; and what the Society has since achieved, be it equal or not equal to expectation, has been produced at the expense of voluntary contributions out of the private purses of its officers and leading members. Its operations are, therefore, hardly amenable to the public tribunal; though in our opinion (frequently expressed in these pages) they would have nothing to fear from that ordeal, having pursued, if not a most eminent, at any rate a highly honourable and beneficial, course. Then we must return to a preceding remark, and observe how the great general system of literary and scientific encouragement is impaired by its diversion into so many streams. We cannot recount them.

Herein lies the difficulty: what can be best accomplished, and how? By associations on a large scale embracing an entire cycle, or by a multitude of minor, establishing and directing their efforts each to single and separate purposes? We have seen that the former sink into lassitude and inefficiency; and that the latter have often to contend against too limited means to give effect to their proceedings. The sleeping and the crippled remind us very much of the lame leading the blind; and in the paths of science and learning this is but poor guidance.

There is, however, hope out of the immediate agitation which has arisen concerning the mismanagement of the greatest, richest, and most coveted national establishments. These must look stringently into their affairs, and not try to overbear opposition by the power of tyranny. Where they discern they have been wrong, it will truly become them to amend, rather than to suppress and out-vote. The high personal honour of the parties engaged in the troublesome and time-occupying duties of office in these public institutions forbids the most distant idea of individual discredit; but pique and passion are sore misleaders of the judgment, and half-a-dozen men together will sanction what not one of them would individually do. And some of these gentlemen have such overwhelming influence as to be very dangerous enemies where they take up a prejudice or dislike. The object of their hate has no fair and equal chance with them. They can strike him from this Vice-President's Chair, and that Board of Trustees, from this Council, and that Committee; right and left in twenty different positions and places. Suppose it possible for them to be in error; how hard and cruel it is upon the individual against whom they act!

It was in this hope of regeneration, and not with a thought of ripping up past grievances, nor in a

* Until the time of Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose pontificate began A.D. 740, and ended in 758, the custom of burying within the precincts of towns and cities did not prevail. *Vide* Matt. Parker's *Antiq. p. 91*, and Staveley's *Hist. of Churches*, p. 26.

† It was the practice among the Romans to lay the dead body in the porch of their houses, near the threshold, that passengers might inspect it, and be satisfied whether there were any signs of a violent death. For the benefit of a clearer view, the corpse was set in the position here men-

spirit of partisanship, that we first* exposed the award of the Royal Medal contrary to the laws and constitution of the Society. Had the exposure proceeded from the individual most aggrieved so soon as the fate of his memorial was known, reaction might have been more speedy; but perhaps the benefit resulting might have been less complete and permanent; for the leaven of improvement is working secretly and surely. Our only desire is, to see the Royal Society maintaining its high position, and taking the lead actively and vigorously in the progress of science,—to behold it encouraging research, pronouncing unimpeachable judgments, promptly proclaiming discoveries, and distributing rewards with honour to the bestower and to the receiver. The division of labour was necessary to, and the selection of committees promised the achievement of, this end; and had they followed out the intentions of their appointment, much of the existing ill-will would have been prevented, and the numerous minor societies avoided. The practice hitherto, with, we think, a solitary exception—Mr. Beck's paper returned for re-consideration—has been, to recommend papers for insertion in the *Transactions*, and as worthy of medals, or to give contrary opinions, without stating to the general body or to the Council the grounds of such recommendation or disapproval. The committees have been too long irresponsible, and hence have become rife jealousies and pool-pool exclusions, hocus-pocus and erroneous decisions, partiality and injustice. Reports on the several referred papers, and embodying the views of the referees, ought to be made to the Fellows generally; and no medal should be awarded until the labours worthy of it had been printed at least twelve months previously to the award.

Reform, however, we are glad, has commenced, and the spirit to set the house in order is growing up. Liberty of discussion, as we stated many weeks ago, has been vouchsafed; and a regulation in regard to papers being printed a certain time before they can be entitled to consideration for honours, in, we believe, in contemplation. Let nomination of referees in public sittings, and the reading of their reports at the usual meetings, be the next steps, and the ancient society will become young again. There is also one other point we would suggest for the new life: let the elections of Fellows be more rigorously watched, and the dignity of F.R.S. be a reward of merit, a real honour, and not a distinction only, to be gained by influence and connexion. We should rejoice, too, if occasionally honorary fellowships encouraged home-worth.

The blot of the recent award (we speak this in no disparagement to Mr. Beck) future conduct can alone, we fear, remove; the judgment of the Royal Society has gone forth that Mr. Beck's, and not Dr. Lee's, dissections are true; that the new and important nerves established by the latter are denied by the former and by the Physiological Committee, or, rather, by Drs. Sharpey, Todd, and Roget—the F.R.S. oracles, as we hear, in this case; whilst the mass of physiologists in this metropolis acknowledge the existence of the nerves as exposed by Dr. Lee. We hear too, moreover, that recently, in Mr. Beck's own preparation, these nerves, by further dissection, have been made manifest. We see no outlet for the Royal Society from this dilemma. The publication of Dr. Lee's supplementary paper, with drawings, in the part of the *Transactions* in which Mr. Beck's paper is to appear, will probably be the fairest reparation, and will, we think, be received as a tacit and becoming

avowal of error, and an earnest of a future illustrious career. Long may it continue!

Since writing the above, the subject of the "award" has been mooted at the meeting of the Society on Thursday. After the reading of a paper by Dr. Lee, entitled, "Farther researches on the nerves, ganglia, and plexus of the uterus, with an appendix containing the account of Mr. Dalrymple's microscopical examination of the structure of the said ganglia and plexus," Mr. Wharton Jones inquired what were the discoveries for which the medal had been awarded to Mr. Beck. A reply was given by Dr. Sharpey (the right of discussion working well!), one of the referees, as we have before stated, of Mr. Beck's paper. He said that he (Dr. Sharpey) had been unable to observe such nerves as Dr. Lee had described; he believed that the structures called nerves by Dr. Lee were muscular and cellular tissue, and that the fact of continuity was very fallacious. Dr. Sharpey's remarks were not a direct answer to Mr. Jones's question, but a reply replete with point on the general question at issue, and therefore worthy of record.

Mr. Warren then alluded to the discussion of the late award in various prints, which, to his mind, reflected discredit upon the Society, and wished to know whether such allegations were true. He was about to enter more fully into the matter, when the President, the Marquess of Northampton (very properly, we think), stopped him, by saying that the award had been made, and that he could not allow it to be a subject of discussion. Doubtless the question is irrelevant at an ordinary meeting, but liberty of speech there is in its infancy, and hence pardonable indiscretions. As we have said, we see no outlet for the Society from the dilemma of this award. The award has been made, and cannot be recalled. It is a bad award; confess it by publishing more extensive researches with the subject of the award; and let the award sleep.—But how were the Council led to such decision? Has there been individual management or partisanship here? Have the Council been committed to this award through private feelings or personal enmities? Was the Committee recommending a most irregular one or not? These seem the questions, and for discussion and decision at a general meeting of the Society. That such a course may be adopted, and that such charges may be made, appear probable. That the subject is not to be dropped, may be gathered from a remark by Dr. Mantell, that the matter could not yet be discussed, as the paper in question (Mr. Beck's) had not yet been printed and laid before the members! !

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

April 22d.—Mr. R. Twining, V.P. in the chair. Mr. Banks resumed his paper "On cotton produced in Honduras and Yucatan," &c. He proceeded to shew why the American white and grey fabrics maintained a higher price, and so successfully competed with the British manufactures in foreign markets. He then described the peculiarities of the various kinds of cotton, and the means resorted to by the Americans for cleaning or freeing the cotton from the seed, namely, the saw-gin. The amount of cotton exported to England from America he stated to be 1,500,000 bales per annum, while that from India and other countries amounted to only 500,000 bales. He next proceeded to shew that the sea-coast of Africa presents a large territory which is capable of being made to produce cotton in larger quantities, and of a quality equal if not superior to the American. From inquiries which he had made at the Wesleyan and Baptist Missionary Societies, he had ascertained that the missionaries of both those societies have instructions to promote such objects as the cultivation of cotton among the natives at their several stations, which extend all along the coast of Western Africa; and he strongly urged the ne-

cessity of their introducing the saw-gin, in lieu of the roller-gin and hand-labour, to free the cotton from the seed, and the screw-press for packing it into bales for exportation.

The second communication was by Mr. Keyse, "On an apparatus for preserving life, by supporting persons when in the water." It consists of a covering for the arms, which is made of Mackintosh cloth, and is capable of being inflated; of a pair of webbed gloves, and also of a pair of cork clogs with concave bottoms. The apparatus is stated to give an additional buoyancy of 35 pounds to the body.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

April 21st.—Sir John Rennie, president, in the chair. The discussion was continued upon the improvement of rivers. Mr. Bald gave at great length his views on the works of the Clyde, and particularly drew attention to the tidal flow, that no obstructions should be given to it. He entered into considerable detail regarding the deepening and improving of the river Clyde, the number of shoals which had been cut through or dredged up, and the stow-boulders which had been removed from the bed of the channel, between the years 1839 and 1845. Particular attention was drawn to the necessity of the removal of all obstacles which impeded the tidal flow from the ocean into the higher channel and recesses of the Clyde. Reference was made to the effect of similar works on British and foreign rivers, and also to the opinions given in the reports of the several engineers who had been consulted. He particularly drew attention to the restriction of the capacity of the channel on the north side of New Shott Isle, which he contended would have the effect of diminishing the tidal flow, and cause the present south channel to be silted up. The whole details were given of the plans adopted during the last six years for deepening the Clyde from Port Glasgow to Glasgow Harbour. The observations concluded with stating that in 1755 Smeaton found the Clyde on the Hunt shoal could only float vessels drawing three feet three inches up to Glasgow harbour; while the present navigation had been so improved, that ships drawing seventeen feet nine inches of water sail up to Glasgow, and a case was mentioned of a ship drawing nineteen feet having ascended the Clyde last summer.

The following paper was announced to be read at the next meeting: "On the combustion of fuel under steam-boilers, with a description of Bodmer's firegrate," by Mr. J. G. Bodmer.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

On Monday, April 20th, pursuant to advertisement in the daily papers, somewhat more than forty members of this society met at the Freemasons' Tavern, to take into consideration the present state of the society; and, Sir W. Betham having been called to the chair, the following resolutions were passed, at the respective motions of Dr. Henderson, the Rev. J. Hunter, Dr. Lee, and Mr. Pettigrew:—

1. That this meeting is of opinion, first, that the Society of Antiquaries of London, which was founded and incorporated by royal charter, nearly a century ago, to encourage "the study of antiquity and the history of former times," and for these purposes was endowed with great privileges and advantages, did for many years continue to fulfil the objects of its formation, as is shewn by the numerous learned and valuable memoirs which were contributed to the earlier volumes of the *Archæologia* by the distinguished persons who were originally incorporated, or who were subsequently, from time to time, enrolled in the list of fellows. That of late years this society, though still possessing most ample means "for carrying on the purposes" of its establishment, has been falling into a state of inefficiency and decline; that little or no pains being taken to render its meetings and proceedings attractive, and conducive to the "mutual improvement" of the fellows in their "studies and inquiries," as they were designed to be, several of the most eminent of them have withdrawn from it; and that, in consequence of the paucity of contributions, resulting from this state of things, and the unimportant character of a large proportion of the papers selected for printing, the *Transactions*

* We named the *Lancet* among the contemporaries who had followed in our footsteps in this affair. Having a week after the *Literary Gazette* embodied our statement with the slightest possible alterations of words or additions of fact, that journal, with a modesty peculiar to itself, sets out by saying, "Honest straight-forward men are aghast at the trickeries exposed by our lifting the veil from the proceedings of the Medical Section of the Royal Society." What must the honest and straight-forward be at our lifting the veil from this Lancet flourish of trumpets?—Ed. L. G.

of the society no longer maintain the same rank as they formerly did, and the estimation of the society.

2. That, if further proof were wanting that the Society of Antiquaries does not meet the wants and expectations of the students in archaeology, it is supplied by the recent formation of several other societies, which, having the same objects in view, but displaying more zeal and industry on the part of the members—many of whom are also fellows of the Society of Antiquaries—are likely to supersede the functions of the older institution, and to absorb much of the matter that would otherwise come before it, and would give interest and value to its proceedings.

3. That although, at several anniversary and ordinary meetings, complaint has been made of the negligent manner in which much of the general business of the society is conducted—of the apathy and inactivity of the office-bearers—of the irregular presentation of the auditors' report of the accounts—of the expenditure of large sums on objects of doubtful utility—and, above all, of the disregard of "the welfare of the society," of which the fellows are annually exhorted to be careful, as shewn in the recent selection of members—"to be chosen of the council,"—yet little attention has been given to these representations and well-grounded remonstrances, and scarcely any disposition evinced to redress the grievances complained of.

4. That, with a view to remedy the above-stated abuse, and put an end to this system of misgovernment, and, if possible, to reconstitute the Society of Antiquaries as a healthy and flourishing condition, it is expedient and the fellows now present pledge themselves to use every exertion, at the approaching anniversary meeting, to effect such a choice of officers and members of council for the ensuing year as shall secure greater vigour and efficiency in the management of the society's affairs, and recover for it that high esteem in which it was formerly held.

Besides the movers of the resolutions, several persons, including Messrs. Roach Smith, Gould, Ayrton, Saull, &c., addressed the meeting, and pointed out the great abuses which had crept into the society, and which had been fostered by the continued misgovernment for which a remedy was now sought. For some years its government, it was asserted, had been in the hands of a mere clique of two or three persons, who had nominated the members of the council, and disposed of the funds of the society at their own pleasure; the consequence of which was, that it was now reduced to a most lamentable state of weakness and inefficiency, and, in fact, was little better than a laughing-stock to the world at large. Any antiquarian activity on the part of fellows of the society had been systematically discouraged. The circumstance of any person exhibiting more than usual diligence or talent, unless he happened to belong to the party who held the society in leading-strings, was enough to cause his exclusion from all share in the management. At the present moment this system was being carried on to a degree which had scarcely ever been witnessed before, it being understood that the house-list had been nominated by two persons, Mr. Way and Mr. Hamilton. Strong remarks were made upon the recent attempt to force a new officer upon the society, in open defiance of the charter. In consequence of all this, the activity of the members had sought a field of exertion without; and numerous other societies had been formed, having partly or wholly the same objects in view, which drew off seriously from the strength of the parent. In fact, so much disgusted were the majority of those of the fellows to whom the society must look chiefly for support in its labours with the mode of carrying on affairs, that they had almost entirely discontinued their communications; so that, during the last year, hardly a paper of any interest had been read. The meetings were rendered dull, not only by this want of communications, but by the extremely inefficient manner in which communications were read. It was observed that much of the evil had arisen from the want of an efficient president. The late president seemed not to have felt the real duties of his office, and the society was certainly under no debt to him. The presidency of the Society of Antiquaries was an honour to any person, however high in rank; of which he could only shew his appreciation by a constant personal attention to its affairs; and a general hope was expressed by the gentlemen present, that, before the election of a new president, a proper representation of the duties of his office

should be made to him. It was in the president's power to hinder many of the evils under which the society at present laboured. With respect to communications, it was mentioned, as a matter of complaint, that the very officers of the society were carrying away important papers which ought to have been contributed, and would have been contributed, to the pages of the *Archæologia*, to place them in half-crown booksellers' journals; as an instance of which, a paper by Mr. Stapleton, printed in the last number of the *Archæological Journal*, was pointed out. It was also complained that the Proceedings of the Society, which were undertaken by the director, and which it was understood were to be published monthly, were so much neglected, that the part containing the proceedings of the month of April 1845 had only appeared within the last two or three days. A member from the middle of the room here stated that the publication just alluded to was got up in so slovenly and incorrect a way, and was written in such grossly bad English, that it was a discredit to the society. This was the substance of the observations made by different speakers, who supported them, and the allegations contained in the resolutions, by statements which we have not room to repeat, but which disclosed a sad picture of the mode in which the society had been carried on. The hope was expressed, that a more efficient council than that contained in the house-list might be elected, as, if this were not the case, the members would feel obliged to discuss the business of the society at its public meetings, instead of leaving it to a governing body in which they had no confidence. Mr. Pettigrew called the especial attention of the meeting to the conservative opposition list now offered (see our last No.). He pointed out the extreme inefficiency of the house-list, shewed that it was a mere attempt to throw the society into a state of dependency upon the Archaeological Institute, the active members of which composed a decided majority, while the members of the Archaeological Association were carefully excluded, with the exception of one, who had been taken merely because it was known that his official duties would render it impossible for him to attend at the hours when the meetings of the council were held. There must be a design in the formation of a council like this, and it would behove the society to keep a jealous eye on its proceedings. The counter-list had been made with the feeling that the consideration of all other societies but the Society of Antiquaries ought to be laid aside—two-thirds were persons entirely unmixed with the disputes between Association and Institute, and the only principle of choice had been that of seeking efficient persons, whose efforts might tend to renovate the society. It was stated that it had been thought that, if an efficient council were elected, it would be a sufficient check to prevent any of the officers from exceeding their duties; but that the person who now held the office of director had shewn himself in many respects so very unfit for his office, and by his conduct had rendered himself so obnoxious to and unpopular among the active members of the society, that it was felt to be very desirable to get rid of him; and Mr. Pettigrew said he had the satisfaction of being able to propose for that office a Fellow of the Society, on whose accomplishments as a gentleman, an antiquary, and an artist and man of taste, nobody could raise a doubt. Mr. Pettigrew then pointed out how Mr. Way, from the moment he had been placed in a position which enabled him to do it, had been constantly occupied in breeding dissension and mischief among antiquaries; how he had been at the bottom of the late proceedings in the council, which had been arraigned before the society; how he had attempted to compromise the Society of Antiquaries in the dissensions he had raised up in other societies; and how it was he who was now attempting indirectly to dictate a council to the society. He had so little respect for his fellow-members of the Society of Antiquaries, that

he was even in the habit of applying opprobrious epithets to some of those who were most distinguished for their archaeological learning. He had so far forgotten the dignity of his position, that, in his correspondence, he could only speak of Mr. Roach Smith in such terms as these: "Is there no one to stop the earth against this Liver-puddle Roach?"—and, in speaking of the activity of the British Archaeological Association, he had said, "What a bore—these sneaks edge themselves in every where!" Mr. Pettigrew had seen these words in Mr. Way's handwriting, and he would ask whether such were the terms in which the Director of the Society of Antiquaries ought to speak of his brother antiquaries? (Exclamations of "Shame" were heard from all parts of the room.) Thanks were then voted to the chairman; and the meeting, having expressed great unanimity of feeling, separated.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.—Mr. Hallam, V.P., in the chair. The bustle of this election presented a novel feature of stir and activity in this usually very quiescent and passive body. The scrutiny of the contesting lists lasted from three till nearly six o'clock, when it was announced that the *House-list*, as given in our last *Gazette*, was elected. From the number of cross lists given in, it was difficult to ascertain the exact number of persons who voted on this occasion, or to gather the precise votes for or against certain individuals. There were probably from 130 to 140 voters. The relative force of the parties may be pretty nearly guessed at by the fact, that there were, for example, fifty-four votes for Captain Smyth, and seventy-eight for Mr. Way; and several opposition cross lists, which contained the names of neither of these gentlemen, so that somewhere about sixty are presumed to have voted against the Director, thus successful in retaining his official position.

With the new President, and this proof of the strong feelings of a large proportion of the society, we trust it is not too much to hope that the memory of differences will be dismissed, and reconciliation and union be substituted for personal animosities and strife. The cause of archaeology demands this course; and when we see what a lively interest has been awakened in every corner of the country, even whilst these dissensions have been raging and weakening the force and direction of the impulse given from Canterbury, not two years ago, it is but reasonable to expect a far better order of things under happier auspices, and with cordial zeal. Any farther continuance of obnoxious measures will evidently lead to a rupture of the society; and as it is, its functions and utility are very much impaired.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

April 22d. Meeting of Council.—Lord A. Conyngham, pres., in the chair. Among the associates elected was Lord Brook; also elected a patron of the Association. Letters were read from the Bishop and Mayor of Gloucester, expressing their wish to afford every facility and accommodation to the visitors at the congress in August. A letter from Mr. Adey Repton, accompanied with drawings, furnished some extraordinary instances of the destruction or concealment of beautiful architectural features in churches by the barbarous custom of covering them with thick coats of whitewash. An interesting and amusing letter was read from Mr. Chaffers, giving an account of his visit to the antiquities of Waltham Abbey and the neighbourhood. One object of Mr. Chaffers' visit was to examine mural paintings reported to have been discovered in the abbey-church; all, however, that was to be seen was some drapery fastened by a cord and tassel, the churchwardens having given strict orders that no more whitewash should be removed, the reason doubtless being the fear of incurring a little expense in redaubing it.—The president exhibited a medieval dagger, and a curious early key, said to have been brought from Shrewsbury.

Castle, both of which his lordship had recently obtained at Warwick. A report was laid on the table relating to some ancient British antiquities discovered a few years ago in Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, Devon. Mr. Dennett communicated a drawing of a steel spear dug up near Deadmen's Lane, in the Isle of Wight, on the supposed site of the battle fought in August 1377, between the inhabitants of Newport and the French and Spaniards, who invaded the island, burnt Yarmouth, Fraunchville (now Newtown), Newport, and several other places. Mr. Dennett also sent extracts from a document in the Remembrancer's Office relating to these events. Mrs. Gorham, of Cakeham, West Wittering, Sussex, communicated an account of the circumstances attending the discovery of gold Roman coins in that neighbourhood, and some notes on the antiquities of the manor-house. One or two other communications of less importance were laid on the table.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 9½ P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Zoological (anniversary meeting), 1 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; London Institution (anniversary meeting), 12 A.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution (Prof. Willis "On the gradual development of the plan of a mediæval church, considered historically") 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; Horticultural (anniversary meeting), 1 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE FINE ARTS.

How to encourage them?

On Monday evening we attended, per invitation, a meeting for the promotion of the Fine Arts, held at a gallery in Oxford Street. The hour was seven o'clock, and we were pretty punctual, being warm (and well that we were so) in the cause; for the gallery was deuced cold, and the attendance remarkably thin. This did not propitiate us much; for we, like Nature, abhor a vacuum. However, by eight o'clock, a good sprinkle of all sorts being present, a Mr. Stuart, we believe, was called to the chair, and a long desultory discussion arose about some resolutions which had been passed at a former meeting. We did not ascertain the names of the speakers, but the printed list mentions Messrs. Pankhurst, Sambrooke de Rockstro, Cotton, and Fox, which appearing to be the most euphonious and imposing, we may assume to have been among the orators. After listening to a considerable debate, embellished by a beautiful variety of opinion, and a curious admixture of lingual style and composition, we came away, having gathered

1. That an individual had a large room and some small ones above, empty, and ready to let.
2. That they had failed to attract company as an eating or coffee-house, or something of the sort, and an auction-mart; and were consequently quite disposable for the encouragement of finer arts.
3. That British artists had long felt the want of a place of this description, for the exhibition of their performances.
4. That the lessor of the premises, and two friends of his, "Patrons of the Fine Arts," should determine what works ought to be received, and hang them.
- 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. That the Art Union should class this institution among those whence its prizes should be chosen; that all the artists present liked the design; and that the proprietor should be their honorary secretary.

There are

"To be (or not to be, that is the question)"

"The British Artists' own Exhibition-Rooms," and they are to "command the best-lights" at the rate of from a shilling per miniature, up to six shillings for a twelve-foot square picture; fourpence, sixpence, or eightpence per foot above ten feet, according to situations; and sculpture beginning as

low as one shilling a head or piece. There is, moreover, to be a commission of ten per cent on all works sold, which, we would venture to predict, would be the only commission ever mentioned in connexion with this precious scheme!!!

THE ART-UNION

Determines its annual course on Tuesday next, the Duke of Cambridge presiding. We have received many letters on this subject, but have so frequently expressed our opinion respecting it, in its infancy, progress, and well-supported maturity, that we are disinclined to much farther comment, which could only involve partial repetitions. We are not of the Optimists, who hold that if such associations do not produce only Raphaels, Michael Angelos, and Titians, they are worse than useless; for we can conceive lower and yet most meritorious orders of art, which may be very beneficially fostered by such unions. That the tendency is rather to keep alive mediocrity than sustain full-blown genius, is, we think, undeniable; but full-blown and acknowledged genius requires no support, and there is such a state as incipient genius, not yet confessed by the world, which may be cherished into fame and fortune by such early encouragement as is thus procured. The choice of the prizes is another of the disputed points,—whether it ought to be entrusted to a committee of artists and amateurs, or left to the fortunate holders themselves. On the whole, we incline to the latter. If a person gain a prize, it is rather too bad to have it strip of its value in his eyes, by palming upon him a picture he does not, instead of one he does, like Hobson's choice never was, and never will be, popular. The Society which preceded the present about nine or ten years failed in carrying out its purpose, chiefly in consequence of the selection of the prizes being committed to a certain number of indifferent subscribers, not being artists; for the public had no faith in their judgment, and individuals did not like to have their lucky fortunes spoilt by their interference. Hence arose the Art Union, and reached a prosperity of 15,000*l.* a year, and an adversity of the members of the association it smothered and superseded. How Parliament will deal with the lottery-principle we cannot anticipate. With the popular voice and large subscriptions in its favour, the Art Union has probably more to fear from this dilemma than from the enmity of its foes or pseudo-dictators to the arts, of which they know as much as . . . [down, Puss! she has just jumped up to scratch the pen out of our hand].

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION,

WHICH will open, as usual, on the first Monday in May, is spoken of among the cognoscenti as one likely to be distinguished by very successful works of our most eminent artists. The productions of E. Landseer, Maclise, Mulready, Eastlake, Stanfield, Turner, Ety, Roberts, Uwins, Webster, and others, are in their highest styles. Turner out-revels himself in a subject from the Revelations; Maclise has a noble picture of a murderer brought to the trial of touching the corpse of his victim; Landseer gives a touching Highland scene, with his favourite deer dying the lake with his blood; Mulready has one of his richest familiar pieces, and Webster one of his; the classic and poetic are supplied in their purest manner by Eastlake and Uwins, and his most glowing colours by Ety; and the landscape comes freshly and grandly from the pencils of Stanfield and Roberts. And there are many fit companions for these leading features; so that we are altogether disposed to anticipate a gallery which will do honour to the genius of the British School of Fine Arts.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The other Exhibitions of the season being now about to open their portals, we must take our parting glance at the Gallery in Suffolk Street. In the north-east room, Messrs. Hurlstone, Woolmer, Pyne, Pidding, Herring, Boddington, Zeitter, Wilson, repeat their efforts without much variety, in-

cluding No. 504, "Mills in Denbigh," apparently unfinished (Pyne); 518 and 525, "Labour and Rest" (Herring), &c. &c.

No. 494 is a Vanderneer-looking moon-rising, by E. Child.

No. 497. A pretty sunny-looking Highland girl, by T. Brooks.

No. 521. "Dead Game," cleverly painted by G. Stevens.

No. 526. "Lord Ronald's Coronach."—A strange composition, with a pink lady called May, by W. Rimer.

Nos. 535, 536. "Tanka Boat-Girls at Macao." R. Morrison.—Two genuine little bits of China, peculiar, and such as might have been anticipated from this artist, who has also No. 297, an odd study of plaster-of-Paris casts, creditable to his taste.

No. 548. "Peasants of Senacinesco."—A very agreeable picture. The laughing countenance of the girl in the middle is particularly expressive and well done.

No. 657, G. T. Millichap, something after Ety, caught our eye, but not our admiration.

The Water-Colour Room on entering has a gay and pleasing appearance, and its hundred and fifty performances bear examination with a fair share of approbation. Flowers by Mrs. V. Bartholomew, and other painters of these brilliant natural productions, contribute much to this, and there are portraits and fancy pieces of all ranks of merit. Among the latter, "Now I'm a Grandmamma," No. 701, by Miss J. Blackmore, tickled us with its whim. Miss M. A. Sharpe has some pretty efforts, and several other artists of the sex shew their taste and talent in many graceful ways.

Christening of the Prince of Wales. By Sir George Hayter.

HAVING visited this interesting picture at Mr. Alderman Moon's, it gives us much pleasure to recognise it as a national work likely to be very popular. The ceremony is one of high religious feeling, and opens an important vista to the imagination. We look forward to the time when this babe may wield the potent sceptre of Britain, having prodigious powers for good or evil over the destinies of millions of men; and we see in the accomplished fate of some who were living spectators of the scene, that no greatness nor rank can exempt their possessor from that final account to which all are hastening even from the infant cradle. The portraits are generally good. The Duke of Wellington we like the least. There are about fifty personages in all. On the right, the group engaged in the christening, consisting of Archbishops, Bishops, &c.; towards the centre are the Queen and Prince Albert; and on the left, the Duchess of Kent, King of Prussia, and other distinguished individuals. On the second distance, Sir R. Peel, the Duke of Buccleuch, &c., fill up the canvass.

A charming light is let in through the carved roof, which has a good effect; but perhaps the royalty in the centre is rather lost between the more striking groups to which we have alluded. We repeat, however, that it will make a fine engraving, and one well worthy of the public patronage.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, April 21, 1846.

I NEED scarcely tell you that the great news of the day, and the subject of all conversation here, is the murderous attempt to which the King of the French has well-nigh fallen a victim. I will not describe an event the details of which have doubtless been already given by your daily papers; but I am in duty bound, as a chronicler, to give you some account of the reflections which it has suggested. Generally, it has been looked upon as a fortuitous crime; Lecomte (the assassin) had personal motives of irritation. Dismissed from the

King's service (he had been a wood-ranger in the crown forests), this man, of a sour and morose temperament, had expressed the fixed determination of wreaking his vengeance, first on his immediate superiors, next on the administrators of the Civil List; and lastly, it seems, averred that he fastened upon the Monarch himself the responsibility of the measure which he intended to punish.

It is under these circumstances, now well authenticated and public, that he lay in wait behind the walls of the park of Avon; and that this man, a renowned marksman, firing twice, at a distance of twelve paces, upon a *char-a-banc*, carrying eight persons, did not hit one of them. The fact is akin to prodigy, and in more credulous times would have induced a belief in the direct interposition of Providence. In these times, it is worked out to other ends; and the *Journal des Débats* has had the singular courage to convert into a political act the desperate attempt of this wretched valet. The whole Parisian press, without exception, even the ministerial papers, have protested against so forced an interpretation, an accusation so unjust, a denunciation so intemperate, and the *Journal des Débats* has wasted this show of zeal. But it had given the signal, and the provincial papers are most loquacious to-day in the sense of its first article. One of them attributes the crime to the press in general; another (the *Courrier de Bordeaux*), more explicit in its accusations, fastens the responsibility on a speech recently pronounced by M. Thiers, and in which the influence of the monarch was indirectly questioned. In fact, in the first moment of their confusion, in their excessive consternation, these papers descend in a strain of most extravagant hypothesis.

The incident which has been most remarked in the manifestations of public sympathy is, the resolution adopted by the Legitimists of the Chamber of Deputies, who declined joining their colleagues when they went to congratulate Louis Philippe. The line of conduct to be observed in these delicate circumstances had been with them the subject of a solemn deliberation; and many opined that, in circumstances so extraordinary, the rigidity of principle might be waived, when one of the orators of the party contrived to make an opposite opinion prevail. "We never present ourselves at the Tuilleries," he remarked to his political co-religionists; "and Louis Philippe certainly would have the right to say to us that it is not very pleasant for him to receive us there, as an exception, every time his life is attempted." This reasoning shared the influence of all good jokes, and prevailed over more serious considerations.

Lecomte has not yet shewn the slightest sign of repentance. He openly avers that he aimed at the king; and he explains how the carriage coming sooner than he expected caused him to hurry and badly direct his aim. This man, evidently tired of life, will only be half-punished on the day when he is sent by human justice to the tribunal of God.

Let us now return to literature. I mentioned to you a volume of M. N. Martin, on the contemporary poets of Germany. Another has just been published, in which M. H. Blaze treats the same subject. There is, however, this difference between the two writers,—that the first sympathises much with the poets, who, like Freiligrath, Hoffman de Fallersleben, George Herwegh, &c., use their pen in support of liberal ideas; whilst M. H. Blaze, especially preoccupied with the question of art, places far above the political poets those men whose unalloyed reverie and unsophisticated inspiration compose what he calls the Suabian School: Uhland, for instance, Justin Kerner, Ruekert, and that Anastasius Grün, on whom, last month, the *Literary Gazette* published two remarkable articles. This totally opposite mode of viewing the same subject of critique naturally renders the book of M. H. Blaze a complement of M. Martin's work, and *vice versa*. It must be further noted, that the opinions of M. Blaze are especially theoretical, that he gives very few exact notions, very few facts

and dates, and very little biographical intelligence; whilst M. Martin, on the contrary, in a more concise form, gathers more precise information. From these two works might be extracted a good *précis*, especially a good anthology; for the two critics have much quoted, much translated, and, as it were, skimmed the cream of the voluminous works by contemporaneous German rhymers.

We have in Paris, where he has been some weeks, one of the editors of the *Edinburgh Review* (M. Lyews some say, M. Lewis say the others: you may perhaps correctly give his name), who is following a regular course of French literature. He has been seen at George Sand's, where he attends lectures in "handology" delivered by M. D'Arp. . . . who professes to estimate the character, the morals, the intelligence of a man on the bare inspection of his hand, and by the shape of his fingers. M. L. has visited, it is said, M. St. Beuve, M. De Vigny, and M. De Balzac. Two years ago M. Harrison Ainsworth himself accomplished the self-same pilgrimage. As for M. Dickens, he has, on the contrary, shrunk from all contact with the literature of the present day, more fastidious in this than M. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, in whose company we have more than once discussed the effervescing champagne and perfumed Bordeaux.

A non-literary tourist, but one who nevertheless has created much sensation, is Lord Palmerston, whose least words and acts are carefully recorded by the papers. He cannot dine incognito with any body; and if he shews himself anywhere, whether at a sermon, at parliament, at the winter garden, or elsewhere, his presence is noted as accurately as if he were called Tom Thumb or Ben-Achache. I doubt whether this excessive notoriety suits the taste of S. S., and I rather fancy he must be anxious to elude it. The *digitio monstrari* suits less Britanic reserve than Spanish bragadocio; and that which would enchant Narvaez, that which will doubtless soon enchant him,—for Paris offers an asylum to all those wrecked politicians,—must certainly annoy the ex-colleague of Lord Melbourne. All that I can say about it is, that he was not present at the steeple-chase of the Croix de Berny, which the day before yesterday attracted all our gentlemen riders and all our *lorettes* (you know that we so designate the degenerated Lais and Aspasias who practise upon the modern Athens). Frankly, Lord Palmerston has lost by this. He would indeed have seen the triumph of Captain Robert Peel, the nephew of his illustrious rival; but he would, as a set-off, have also witnessed the complete triumph of English sportsmen over those of France. It is with a heavy heart that I make this avowal, and you may, if you please, note it down with pride. The *Leopard* has beaten the *Gallic Cock*. The latter did not even dare to enter the lists. Out of twelve horses who ventured on the first trial, barely two belonged to Frenchmen; and even these were ridden by jockeys from the other side of the Channel, and at the very first obstacles were compelled to give up the contention. The prize was 10,000*fr.* (4000*l.*), and the distance 6400 metres.* M. W. Peel, mounted on Culverthorpe, won by half a length. Little Tommy came in second. Little Tommy was ridden by his master, M. Vevers, aged seventy-two. In the whole of France, that country of flighty madcaps, four dare-devils of that age could not be found. Everybody admired the imperturbable coolness of M. Peel, who, once off his horse, careless of his triumph, concealed his red vest under his paletot, and joined a fair lady, a friend of his, with a request for a few glasses of champagne, which he emptied after hastily swallowing a goodly portion of ham. What heroic simplicity! what contempt for glory!

At the second steeple-case only three horses ran, one of them being French. This latter broke down before the completion of the course. Of the

two others, one fell in a brook; and the second (the Witch, belonging to M. Rowles, ridden by G. R. Power) was the only one who reached the goal. The amount of bets on the first trial would, it is said, exceed the sum of 700,000*fr.* (28,000*l.*). You see that France, rich enough, so say our ministers, to pay for her glory, is also rich enough to pay for her defeat.

NAPLES.

Strada Mergellina, Napoli, Jan. 23, 1848.

MY DEAR —, There can hardly have been more rain in Devonshire than we have had since we have been here. Occasionally, however, a very fine day occurs; and then one forgets it has ever been wet, the sun is so bright and warm, the atmosphere so clear and beautiful. I think it is since I last wrote that there has been snow on Vesuvius, as well as on the mountains to the right and left of it. Of course, when the wind blows from them, it makes us very cold. Last week we went to Pompeii. I do not say I was disappointed, because I had been told what to expect; but it by no means came up to the idea I used to entertain of it. It could not fail to be highly interesting; but all was on a small scale. The houses very small indeed, most of the sleeping-apartments not nearly so large as the little ante-room contiguous to your library. The remains of columns which decorated the buildings are also of no great size; but notwithstanding all this, from the beautiful situation of the place, backed by the mountains, you get very striking and picturesque combinations, especially in the quarter towards the Forum. We were not able to pick up any thing of value, but merely brought away a few bits of the red stucco as relics. They were excavating while we were there, and we saw some jars turned up; one was broken, and contained pounded marble—an ingredient in the stucco with which the Roman builders formed their columns and architectural decorations. We brought away a handful, to put among our relics. The whole of the wall, about two miles in extent, surrounding Pompeii, has been cleared by excavation, or traced;† but, I believe, hardly a third part of the city is dug out. We walked across the unexcavated portion, which is covered with vineyards, to the amphitheatre.‡ Were I the king of Naples, I would not rest while there was any thing undiscovered; I should always be scratching at Pompeii for hidden treasures. There are numerous tessellated pavements, one the battle of Alexander and Darius, very fine. I thought of the digging up the foundations of the Roman tombs at Holwood Hill,§ and of our anxious hope of finding a pavement there. The museum here is full of treasures from Pompeii, such as would delight you to see—Samian ware, lamps, the glass vessels called lachrymatories, amphorae, vases, &c. without number. They have also brought from Pompeii many of the mosaics and best paintings, statues, and bronzes. The museum contains a great many pictures; but my husband, whose judgment I know you will not question, says there are very few good ones.

Close to where we are lodging is the tomb of Virgil, so called; we are therefore in the midst of classic memorials. We have not yet been up to the above-mentioned tomb. It stands over the entrance to the grotto of Paulilipo, an ancient excavation through the mountain, 960 feet in length, and in some parts 50 in height—a proof that the formation of tunnels is no invention of modern engineers.¶ The other day our friend Col. A—

* These walls surrounded the city, excepting on the side towards the sea; they consisted of a rampart, strengthened at intervals by towers, and by an agger, or escarpment, thrown up on the inner side.

† An oval building, its longest diameter 140 yards, its shortest 112.

‡ This is supposed to represent the battle of the Issus; and the figures of Darius and Alexander are thought to be portraits.

§ For particulars of this excavation, see *Archæologia*, vol. xxii.

¶ Addison says that the common people of Naples think

* A little less than a mile and three quarters.—*Ed. L. G.*

took me to see the numerous grottoes dug by the Romans in the rock, for what purpose is not known; they are immense works, and hardly seem to have an end: these also are close to us. A. M. is now employed in cleaning a picture for Col. A. which he purchased here; it is an original by Wilson, who painted much in this country. The weather has been so bad, that there has been little opportunity for drawing out of doors; but A. has made an exceedingly nice oil-painting of Vesuvius from our window.

Jan. 25th. That mountain is again covered with snow; so that the description which Horace gives of Soracte† would be equally applicable to Vesuvius; and notwithstanding these wintery symptoms, I have now before me a beautiful bunch of roses, gathered by the princess our hostess from the balcony of our lodging. Every where oranges and lemons are seen hanging from the trees in profusion. Let me explain what I mean by the princess our hostess. You must know we reside in the house of a prince, who does not disdain to augment his revenue by taking lodgers.‡ He has his own apartments in the floor above us, the lower part he lets to the keeper of a café, and to a picture-dealer; contiguous is a trattoria (a sort of cook's shop). Our dinner is supplied from thence, and our breakfast from the café. Can any thing be more convenient? Adieu! You shall hear from me as often as opportunity occurs and objects worthy of notice present themselves.—Yours, affectionately,
JEMIMA M—.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

Our advertising columns to-day announce two anniversaries for next week, the objects of which are, to relieve the sufferings and improve the conditions of a vast number of our fellow-creatures; in the one general case supplying medical succour to the poorer classes for a most afflicting class of diseases; and in the other providing, as far as the means admit, a remedy for great mental distress, always attended by physical evils, cruelly imposed upon a peculiar body of the most helpless, and meritorious, and, in their office, most important of human beings.

Calls for support to such designs are never made in vain; and we are gratified to be informed beforehand, that there is every prospect of brilliant and productive meetings.

THE INFIRMARY IN CHARTER-HOUSE SQUARE has, our readers need not be told, ever been an interesting object with the *Literary Gazette*. For we witnessed its foundation and have watched its progress; till it now, thanks to unremitting individual perseverance and enthusiasm, takes its stand among the chief charitable blessings which flow from humane and Christian feelings in this mighty capital. We have seen and heard hundreds of the recipients of its benefits thanking Heaven with one voice for the good it had done for them—restoring them to their distracted families, whose hopes had perished, to their trades and occupations in health and vigour, whereby they could again earn their comfortable sustenance; and, in short, to a degree of happiness of which they had abandoned every thought or expectation in this world. Is it not a delightful thing to witness an *éméute* like this; a rising savouring more of heaven than of earth, and one of the noblest spectacles in life—sincere and simple gratitude pouring forth its emotions for

rescue from the pains of disease and the terrors of death? We could wish that every visitor at the festival on Monday had seen what we have so faintly described: sure we are, that a full sense of the thankfulness felt for their benevolence would cause it to widen its stream to the farthest margin of fitting liberality and conscious duty. No heart could withstand the impression, and no mind could appreciate it without the irresistible conviction that so true a link to bind the rich and poor together, in one chain of mutual interest and love, ought to be preserved and cherished to the utmost of the capacities of both. Indeed, a Providence seems to have been careful of this Charity; for through the years of its existence, and the numbers who have sought its experienced aid, there has not been one fatal case! No language could say more than this in its favour.

With regard to THE GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, though our feelings are equally sincere, they are not so deep or acute. This may arise from not having the means to ascertain any great amount of the ill to be redressed. In this instance, we can only be acquainted with particular facts; and mental maladies, alas, are not so open to observation as those that affect the body. Yet no man who has lived in the world, and seen the almost general humiliation of beings who, of all others, have the highest claims to protection and kindness, but must earnestly desire to ameliorate their condition, and afford them that position in society due to their attainments, due to sympathy for misfortune, and due to the rational principle that, in degrading or in elevating them, their employers are taking the surest way to degrade or elevate their offspring committed to their charge. As the governess, so will be the pupil. Let those pupils see Education slighted and true Accomplishments contemned in the persons set over them to instruct them, and the necessary consequence is not difficult to draw. The clear apprehension of youth, even of infancy, will soon take the bias which no after-tuition will ever remove. The twig has been bent; then look for the stunted or mis-shapen tree. To a family there is nothing more precious, after a good mother, than a good governess; and yet they are too often used like menials, worried by caprice, or insulted by tyranny. Any Association that has for its object to alter and ameliorate this disgraceful and pernicious state of things well deserves the public patronage; and so believing, we have written these few and hasty remarks, to point attention to these annual appeals, now made on behalf of two singularly beneficent designs.

THE SWAN-RIVER NATIVES.

[Mr. F. Armstrong, interpreter to the natives of Western Australia, has communicated the following interesting anecdotes to the *Perth Inquirer*.]

Aboriginal Fable.—The natives have an absurd tradition respecting the kangaroo, the male of which is known among the different tribes by the names of yong-gore, yow-art, and ko-beet; and the female, waar, war-roo, and kang-ga-rong-ga; the latter of which names, it seems extremely probable, was the one which gave rise to that which it is now so generally known by. Whether those enterprising men who first obtained the name kangaroo for that animal visited this continent to the north of King George's Sound or not, will be better known to some of your readers. The word is used by the tribes to the southward, but how far I am not certain. The fable states that the animal was originally perfectly blind, and could only walk or crawl, and consequently became an easy prey, but that the frog asked the kangaroo why it was too proud to run or jump, and anointed the eye-sockets or sightless eye-balls of the kangaroo with some of the glutinous substance from off its own body, and then, suiting the action to the word, told it to hop as he did; when the kangaroo immediately followed his example, and thus became so difficult for the natives to catch.

Native Dexterity.—A singular instance of the expertness and boldness in climbing of the natives was observed some time ago near the south bank of the Murray River. An opossum had made its way up a tree which was not accessible to the native who had discovered its retreat. He commenced by ascending the tree adjoining, some yards distant, when a long pole of apparently common furze-wood was handed to him, and which he by some means took up the tree, until he arrived at a part where he was within about twelve or fourteen feet of the other; he then managed to place the pole securely in a fork on the boughs of each tree, and then upon this fragile path walked or crept across, killed the opossum (which, likely, he devoured at a meal), and returned, leaving what he had done. The manner in which the natives find the identical track of the opossum is by examining the trees for the marks made by the animal's claws, but which alone does not generally warrant an ascent being made, for they may have been done weeks before. To get over this difficulty, the natives blow on the marks, and if a little sand or earth falls off, then they are certain that they are recent, for otherwise the sun would have dried the grains, and they would have fallen off, which, from the dew or rain of the night, had clung to the feet of the animal, and then on to the tree. These signs being attended to, the natives ascend the tree in the well-known manner, by cutting in and through the bark small steps about two feet apart, and four inches wide, by one or two deep. Some large, straight, thin-barked trees, which stand quite perpendicular, without any branches for a considerable distance up, are totally inaccessible to the natives, though these are extremely few in comparison with the other trees of the forest. Where it is the case, game seems plentiful, beaten tracks being numerous. Trees which lean a little are the most easy to ascend; and one which appeared a favourite retreat for game was observed to be completely covered with paths or marks made by the natives year after year, upwards of one hundred and fifty cuts being visible on the trunk alone. They appear seldom if ever to cut in the same spot again.

Native Tradition.—The natives state that they have been told, from age to age, that when man first began to exist, there were two beings, male and female, named "Wal-lyne-yup" (the father), and "Do-ron-nop" (the mother); that they had a son, named Bin-dir-woor, who received a deadly wound, which they carefully endeavoured to heal, but totally without success; whereupon it was declared by Wal-lyne-yup that all who came after him should also die in like manner as his son died. Could the wound but have been healed in this case, being the first, the natives think death would have had no power over them. The place where the scene occurred, and where Bin-dir-woor was buried, the natives imagine to have been on the southern plains, between Clarence and the Murray; and the instrument used is said to have been a spear, thrown by some unknown being, and directed by some supernatural power. The tradition goes on to state, that "Bin-dir-woor, the son, although deprived of life, and buried in his grave, did not remain there, but rose and went to the west, to the unknown land of spirits, across the sea. The parents followed after their son, but (as the natives suppose) were unable to prevail upon him to return, and they consequently have remained with him ever since." Mr. Armstrong says of this tradition, that "it is the nearest approach to truth, and the most reasonable he has yet heard among the natives;" and it is certainly highly curious, as shewing their belief that man originally was not made subject to death, and as giving the first intimation we have heard of their ideas of the manner in which death was introduced into the world.—*Adelaide Observer.*

Virgil formed the grotto of Pausilipo by magic. *Remarks on Italy*, p. 133.

* Addison inclines to the opinion that they were quarries formed by the Romans in procuring stone for their numerous buildings. *Remarks*, p. 134.—Were they not corn stores?—*Ed. L. G.*

† *Vides ut stat nivo condidit Soracte.*

Hor. Ode ix. lib. I.

‡ This arrangement seems to have been continued from the Roman times; the houses of the higher orders at Pompeii are surrounded by shops, which the owners let out to dealers. Cicero mentions that his shops contiguous to his house had fallen into bad repair.

ORIGINAL,
AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

LANGUAGES AND DIALECTS.

A NUMBER of nice little books occasionally drop out of the press, attracting, we regret to say, very little notice, being swallowed in the manufacturing and loud-sounding vortex of clamorous competition; and yet well deserving the attention of the literary world. We have now under our hand *The Pupil's Guide to English Etymology*, by George Manson (Edinburgh, Macphail; London, Simpkin and Co.); a very small but very useful instructor, by which the student may acquire a creditable knowledge of the principal roots of the languages from which our copious compound is derived. As far as it goes, it is a good design, and executed in a way to convey much information in a small compass.

We have also a *Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, by Captain Thomas Brown (London, Simpkin and Co.; Edinburgh, Johnstone; Glasgow, Rutherglen; and Manchester, Ainsworth), which offers a clever and extensive glossary to help the Southern in their reading of the most popular Scottish works. When we consider the large size and cost of preceding publications of the same kind, we feel much indebted to Captain Brown for this Dictionary, and hope he will meet with encouragement enough to induce him to amplify it in future editions. We had marked a few of the words, some as doubtful, and others as not having all their definitions added to them; but they are hardly worth specification. As samples, we will merely mention "kittle," to which the common explanation of "difficult" is not appended; "gysart" is from the French *déguiser* (?), "disguised" in English; "cock-laird," a small landed proprietor, is so called from being thought like a cock upon his own midden or dunghill; "mosstroopers," "banditti," sorely offends the Border idea of these half-lawless plunderers, who, till the accession of James VI. to the English throne, were held to be "freebooters," and by no means "thieves;" we doubt "halow" being a "saint,"—it is only "holy;" "habible" is not exactly a large family-bible, but the family-bible kept in the hall, of which there is a very curious and very early example in the hall of Sir W. Jardine, at Applegarth. But these are only passing notes, and do not detract from our approbation of this neat small tome of 154 pages.

The Derivation of many Classical Proper Names from the Gaelic Language, or the Celtic of Scotland. Part III. By Dr. Thomas Stratton. (Edinburgh, Adam and Charles Black; London, Longmans).—We do not remember the earlier parts of this publication, the gist of which is to establish etymologically the partly-Celtic origin of the Greeks and Romans, much after the manner that Galiffe, a good many years ago, tried to prove the identity of the Romans and Russians. It is a curious production—witness the following specimens:

"Abylon, a city of Egypt; *baile*, a town.
Aca, Ace, Ach, Aci, Aeg, Aug. Some names of towns begin with these: *acha*, a plain, a place. (Acha enters into the composition of numerous names of places in Scotland, as Auchinlech, Auchterarder, &c.)
Iacchus, a name of Bacchus, from *iaxew*; *eigh*, a shout.
Iacum. Some names of towns end in -iacum.
Acha, a plain, a place. Many parishes, villages, farms, and places, in Scotland have their names beginning with Ach- and Auch-.
Ade, or Hades, from a and *edew*, which is from the Gaelic *beachd*, vision.
(The Greek, in adopting a Celtic word, sometimes omits the initial *b*.)
Adiatorix, a governor of Galatia. The last syllable -rix is a common termination of the names of Celtic kings and chiefs, and is the Gaelic *righ*, from which is derived the Latin *rex*.
Agoreus, a name of Mercury, from presiding over markets;

Agorma, a name of Minerva;
Ageranomi, market-inspectors;
Greigh, a flock.

Andromeda, her history connects her with the sea;
doir, water.

(*Doir* is not in modern use; our Scottish historian Buchanan, in his history, refers to *dur* as signifying water; and from his birthplace, we may be almost certain that he was able to speak Gaelic.)

Argennum, a promontory of Ionia, Ar-gen-num; Sicily;

Ard, high; *cuan*, sea. The etymology of Argennum is somewhat like that of Ardnamurchan, the promontory of high seas.

Bucolica, pastoral poems; *buachaille*, a shepherd.
Pergama, the citadel of Troy, and thence applied to Troy itself; 'Pergama omnia loca editoria olim appellabantur';

Burg, a fortress.

Troja, a city 'built on an eminence'; *terr*, a hill.

Pyreum, a fire-temple;

Pyaeon;

Pyrodes, son of Alix, who discovered how to strike fire from flints;

Brath, fire.

Londinum, now London; *linne*, a pool, lake, gulf; *dun*, a hill, a town."

We have also three Nos. of a new *Universal Etymological and Pronouncing English Dictionary*, (London, J. Gilbert), which, if over-looked by sufficient learning, will be a good work.

As a pendant to this summary, we annex a specimen, close to the Capital, of

THE ESSEX DIALECT.

In a Trip to Tiptree, or a Lover's Triumph: humbly presented to the Philologist, as a Specimen of the Speech of the Peasantry of that County.

YOUN' Simon ov Tiptree, a noice steady lad wos he,
The jouy ov his moother—the proude ov his dad wos he:
An', as a ploughman, folks say, yow scace ever ded
Clap oyes upun one wot his wark hafe so clever ded.

To "come oup" to him, all his mates they bestirers wor,
For straight—proper straight uns—they spied all his thur-
rars wor;

But our Simon nut onny at ploughin' excel ded he,
If he sew, rep, or mew, stell the same, oh, so well ded he!
Stron'an' clunchy wos Simon, an' noice carly hair he had,
With health's tint on his chakes, through the dale ov fresh
air he had:

With a charritur gud, ne'er lack "dubs" in his puss ded he,
Ollis "bobbish" an' gay, long pass his loife thus ded he.
Howsomever, this genus—this lad ov ability—
Soon foun' a sad stup nut to all his tranquillity;
For into his heart soon much fudder love's urrars went,
Thun into the mould'er ev' the teeth ov his hurrars went!

All the cause ov his troubles 'twas werry soon sin, they say,
He had so fell in love with one fair Dorcas Winn, they say;
Sitch a noice gal wos Dorcas, the chaps all looked slop at
her.

An', poor Simon, he too had oft cast a ship's oye at her.

Quote the pride ov oad Tiptree this naabour's gud darter
ter wos;
An' that wot cud nut be at some oather places done,
Wos—an' nut so wusser—soon at Tiptree Races done!

Nation plased now wos Simon—his sithin' wos banish'd
quite;
To his gal he'd "struck oup," an' his fares they had w-
nished quite:

His Dorcas's conduct, oh! now it wos such* he ded
E'en begin to hev thotes ov the axin' at Chatch, he ded!

Our Simon an' Dorcas, stell yit on the Heath wor they—
Now sot down in some "Tavin'" 'neath the floral wreath
wor they,

Where there wos sitch guzalin', an' sitch ham-an'-wealin'
it—

Whille many loike blazes kept on toe-an'-heelin' it.

At Tiptree, the pair, oup an' down long parade ded they,
An' oyd all the "soights"—all the wonders display'd ded
they;

'Ginst the shows, with mouth oup, our Simon long stan'
ded he,

Tell, ov coas, into etch, with much grace, his lass han' ded
he.

Who's on Tiptree's coas arly, sure, but a doull clown is he,
There no racers come oup tell the sun nare gone down is he.

* "The rhyme obliges me to this; sometimes
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes!"
Den Juna.

Oh! there shud, sure, ov "bloods" be an arlier ridin' there!
Strango! to foind there's no heat tell the sun is subduin'
there!

Howsomever, our pair, ov the hosses—at length—they had
Cotch a wiew some way oaf—when to so troy their strenght
they had;

Jes to rights run'd the fast—for, though git such a chace
ded he,
At las'—as some beauties hev—win by a neck ded he!

Though so spirity etch, all the tothers, 'twos plain they had
But bin "leathered" for nought—but strained each nare
in wain they had;

An' when their cute backers twigg'd that bekine ranga ded
they—
(An' foun' hootch had bet)—think it "passin' strange" ded
they!

Whille at Tiptree, poor Dorcas, once or twice rather
frown'd had she,

For somehows, so darted her best yellor gowd had she;
An' our Simon, some chaps there to bouy ded beset him;
He at las' ded agree, when he foun'—they had etch him
To be oaf from their "Tavin'" quoite toime it now gittin'
wos—

'Sides, there wos sitch a tarnation smudge where etch st-

So when 'mong the stawls they had had a shote roan agin,
From the Heath they wor trapin' to Dorcas's home agin.

When snong from the bouste, fond Simon, full oft ded he
"To her head" tell his love sitch a kit ov things "soff"
ded he;

An' his Dorcas, she trusted—(but what lover do less ded
he?)

That he'd soon come agin—for wot, Simon, guess ded he!
A few months arter this, our pair made but one way they,
"Tied oup," one foine moarn, by some grave Lewis an'
wor they;

An' yow'd guess, by the smolte wot now plays on look
faces stell,

That they've cause to remember with jouy Tiptree Races
stell!

CHARLES CLARK.

THE FIVE FINGERS.

We do not recollect to have seen anywhere noticed
the somewhat singular fact, that our ancestors had
distinct names for each of the five fingers—the
thumb being generally called a finger in old works.

Yet such was the case; and it may not displease
our readers to have these cognominations duly set
forth in order, viz. thumb, toucher, longman, lech-

man, little-man. We derive this information from
a very curious MS. quoted in Mr. Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaisms*, p. 357; and the reasons for
the names are thus set forth:—The first finger was
called *toucher* because "therewith men touch 'twis";

the second finger *longman*, "for longest finger it
is" (this, we beg to say, is intended for rhyme).

The third finger was called *leche-man* because a
leche or doctor tasted every thing by means of it.

This is very curious; though we find elsewhere
another reason for this appellation, on account of
the pulsation in it, which was at one time sup-

posed to communicate directly with the heart. See
Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. i. The other was,
of course, called *little-man* because it was the least
of all. It is rather curious that some of these
names should have survived the wrecks of time,
and be still preserved in a nursery-rhyme; yet
such is the fact; for one thus commences, the
fingers being kept in corresponding movements:

Dance, thumbkin, dance;
Dance, ye merry men, every one:
Thumbkin he can dance alone,
Thumbkin he can dance alone.

And so on for four more verses, taking each finger
in succession, and naming them *foreman*, *longman*,
ringman, and *littleman*.

Dramatic Chapters.

CHAPTER XI.

SCENE—Interior of the Cottage—the last crimson ray of the
setting sun streaming through the narrow casement—Do-
ROTHY asleep on a low couch—HANNAH watching.

HANNAH. There is no hope—
The hunters tell me he would cross the ridge,
That savage ridge which slopes to the ravine:
That narrow, winding, and precipitous ridge:
Despite their counsel and experience—go,
Trusting existence to the merest chance,
The hazard of a step, which, misad, is death!

'Twas late, he said: others had tried the pass,
And so should he: 'twould save him miles!
How oft a life's been lost to save a mile,
Perchance a moment only: on they rush—
The car o'erakes them, or the branch betrays.

VARIETIES.

And men lift up the cripple or the corpse!
[DONOTHY moves on the couch.]

Are you not easy, mother? [A pause.]

She sleeps: 'twas but the hand that slipped aside;

Yet like I not this sleep; it is too calm:

There's something fearful in its stillness!

The thin lips yield their breath—but oh, so slight,

It stirs not the grey hair that loosely hangs

O'er that spare cheek and lean discoloured neck.

O'er that spare cheek and lean discoloured neck.

Again she moves: it is an awful sight!

Again she moves, and endeavours to rise—HANNAH

assist, and props her up with pillows—speaking

kindly.

Feel you still that pain?

It strained you sorely whilst it lasted, mother.

But you're slept well.

Der. I shall sleep better soon.

Han. God grant it. It is hard to see you pained!

Sharp as it is, sooner a thousand times

I'd bear the pang myself, than see you pained:

That's well—you're better now?

Der. Soon—I shall be better soon:

The grave hath called—I heard its voice in sleep;

The fourscore years of mortal life

Have one step more to make, and that's the grave!

This heart seems tired of beating; seared with age,

Death will be rest to it, and peace to me.

Han. Your dream hath left you sad—I'll bring you food;

'Twill chase these thoughts, which oft attend the sick.

Der. True: kindly meant, and more than kindly said:

But never more shall I taste human food.

God bless thee, daughter, of my own loved child!

God as she was to me, she left her heart,

And all its goodness too, within thy breast

When she died, leaving thee:

'Twas a blest hour

That brought thee safe from India!

[Suddenly raising herself, and searching

India.]

The boy? Is he not found? Speak—quick!

Adolphus—where is he?

Han. He knows who all things knows,—none else, none

else.

Der. And soughtst thou not his aid?

[HANNAH is silent.]

That was a fault, my child, a grievous fault:

These old and weary eyes are soon to close,

Yet ere they lose God's blessed light—let them

see: think look up to Him.

Han. 'Tis useless, mother, useless—he is dead!

Der. (rising slowly but resolutely, until she sits at her

full height.)

'Tis my command—the last that I shall make!

Thou'lt kneel beside my knee, a little child;

I charge thee kneel there now, even at my knee!

[HANNAH, subdued and sorrowful, obeys her motherly

command.]

DONOTHY folds her daughter's hands in hers, and

lifts them heavenward.

God, hear our prayer! Protect this wand'ring boy!

All strength but Thine is weakness: hear us Thou.

Our trust is still in Thee!

Our trust is still—in Thee!—

[DONOTHY falls back, and dies.]

[MIDLEY, who is watching through the casement, starts

back as she witnesses the death of DONOTHY; then

approaches once more, and cautiously opens the casement.]

Midy. Peace to this roof!

Han. Away, deceitful hag!

My sorrow needs no filling up of thine!

Mother and son both gone—both lost—both dead.

Midy. Nor lost—nor dead: thy son, Adolphus, lives.

Han. Thou'rt human, sure?

Thou could'st not be so hard, unfeeling, vile,

As mock me in an hour so dread as this,

And trifle with affliction deep as mine?

Midy. Adolphus lives!

Han. Why comes he not? He could not better come

than now; I have more need of comfort now!

Midy. I cannot stay: 'twere dangerous to stay!

I mean thee well, have always meant thee well,

Despite thy doubts, and sneers, and usages:

In future think a dark and hag-like face

May hide a heart as fair as those who boast

The outward 'vantage of a fairer cheek.

To thy boy is safe!

Believe me he may not yet. Meet me beside

The bridge, beyond the church, in the wood:

Believe he's safe: let that suffice to-night.

[MIDLEY hastens from the casement.]

[A pause.]

Han. It shall!—it shall!

How strange a thing is death: though dead for years,

Yet seemed she to detect the slightest sound

Which in its visitation thus dissolves

The impediment of death? I know not: not

This—I know, that I will straight o'ercome

My heat of temper: many a hasty word

I have addressed 'gainst thee: but I repent,—

Repent, and ask thee pardon on my knees;

Lifeline as thou hast here: pardon, pale corpse!

That I so often have offended thee.

Thy dying lesson, mother, is not lost!

In His own work: My trust is now in Him!

[HANNAH bends weeping over the body

of DONOTHY.—Scene closes.]

CHARLES SWAIN.

Cocklely-Bread.—To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.—I have been much interested in the question of the meaning of *cocklely-bread*, on which several articles have appeared in your pages. One of your correspondents refers to Bailey's German Dictionary; but his reference is to *cockat*, not *cockle* or *cocklely-bread*. I am of opinion that these are not identical; and wish to remark only on the latter. Its derivation, in my opinion, is from *cockle*, or *coquille*. In this county of Norfolk the custom still exists, though fast dying out, of using in 'Lent what are called *coquilles*, spelt by Forby, in his Vocabulary of East Anglia, *cock-eel*, that being probably the nearest approach to the Norfolk pronunciation. They are small square buns, like hot-cross buns. Now, in Bailey's Dictionary, the word *cockle* is translated by German words meaning to twist, fold, wrinkle, and even bleach; and in Dyer's English Dictionary, the word *cockled* means wrinkled, winding, spiral; in fact, like a shell, cockle, or coquille. May it not, then, be supposed that the *cocklely-bread* of various parts of England, and the *coquilles* of Norfolk, have the same origin from the spiral form of a shell, and that they may have been at first a kind of twisted cakes or buns, and somewhat of a delicacy, such as the promise would warrant in your quotation from Peele's play of the *Old Wives' Tale*?

Why was last Sunday called in our country *Low Sunday*? I have my own theory upon it, but can find nothing to elucidate the name in any book. The solution of the Latin enigma in your last must be *Acerpus*. It is well constructed, but I should advise an alteration of the second line, which makes the answer too easy. F. C. HUSENBETH. Cossey, April 21, 1846.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Tuesday evening her Majesty visited the Italian Opera for the first time this season, the manager, we presume, having relinquished those proceedings which are stated to have led to the royal displeasure. Still, the general appearance of the house does not present that high aristocratic and fashionable air to which the public has been accustomed here. The performances, despite the absence of Grisi, causing the substitution of the *Sonnambula* for *Norma*, went off well.

Lectures on Eloquence.—Mr. Dwyer, a gentleman long connected with the periodical press, and also known to the literary world as the author of several popular volumes, in verse as well as prose, commenced a promising course of lectures at the London Tavern on Monday evening. His first essay was on the oratory of Lord Chatham, which he illustrated in an able and striking manner. The series is to embrace the leading men of the time of George III.

The Philharmonic Third Concert, on Monday, presented no novel feature demanding particular notice. It was admirably conducted. Mr. W. Bennett's caprice and Mr. Parish Alvar's harp were among the most prominent and applauded performances.

Thomas Tegg, Esq., the publisher of many a volume, and the re-publisher of many more, died on Tuesday last, in the 72d year of his age. His opposition to Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's measure for the benefit of authors and their families was of the most uncompromising character, though he had made a large fortune by the sale of their works. In other respects, we believe, Mr. Tegg was a liberal and charitable man, very shrewd, and with something of eccentricity in his manners and dealings.

Sir William Boothby, who, some twelve months ago, took Mrs. Nesbitt from the stage to make her his wife, died on Tuesday morning. He had long held the lucrative office of receiver-general of customs, was advanced in years, and had a grown-up family by a preceding wife.

Old Dragonetti, the grand master of the double-bass, died on Thursday, at his residence in Leicester Square. He was above eighty years of age, and for nearly half that period most distinguished for his powers over that Lablache of instruments,

and for his punctual discharge of his duties in the orchestra of the Italian Theatre, as well as in all his concert and other engagements. He was an oddity in manners, and very amusing in his life, character, and conversation. *The Morning Chronicle* says that Dragonetti always kept his worshipped bass near the door of the theatre, that it might be saved in the event of fire; and that he has bequeathed it to St. Mark's, at Venice, of which state he was a native.

The Rev. S. Gobat, a native of Switzerland, and principal of the Malta College at St. Julian's, has been appointed Bishop of Jerusalem. He, in early life, wrote an interesting journal of his travels in Syria, Egypt, and Abyssinia.

Enigma solutum.

"Primum tolle, vides quod gramine ludat aperto," etc. Quoecunque aspicias, est stultorum immensus "ACREBUS," Ut modò ferratis Pan' probat, ecce! viis. Attamen, diviti peritura enigmate solvi, Inquo manu mactata non numeranda erit.

*The panic.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Pericles, by the Author of "A Brief Sketch of Greek Philosophy," 2 vols. post-8vo, cloth, 18s.—**Archæological Journal**, Vol. II. 8vo, plates and woodcuts, cloth, 11s.—**Combe's Moral Philosophy**, royal 8vo, sewed, 3s.—**One Hundred Skeletons and Sketches of Sermons**, by Wesleyan Ministers, 12mo, 4s.—**Magazine of Science**, Vol. VII. 8vo, 8s.—**The Young Physician**, by Mrs. Paxton, 18mo, 6s.—**The Bible in Pictorial**, by Mr. and Mrs. D. Thompson, 18mo, 8s.—**The Great Salvation**, an Essay, by the Rev. Robert Montgomery, fcp. 5s.—**The Family-Pastor**, by a Clergyman of the Church of England, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—**The Prayer-Book: Epistles Paraphrased in Verse**, by G. V. Cox, 12mo, 6s.—**Modern Painters**, Vol. II. Of the Imaginative and Theoretic Faculties, imp. 8vo, 10s. 6d.—**H. T. Frend and T. H. Ware's** Precedents relating to Transfer of Land to Railway Companies, 8vo, 13s.—**Lyra Incontaminata: Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children**, fcp. cloth, 7s. 6d.—**The Spanish Conscript**, by Miss Jane Strickland, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.—**Book of Highland Minstrelsy**, by Mrs. D. Ogilvy, with Illustrations by R. R. M'lan, fcp. 4to, 21s.—**Del Mar's Guide to Spanish and English Conversations**, 2d edit. 12mo, 4s.—**Tarver's Key to Progressive Oral Lessons**, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—**Memoirs of a London Doll**, written by herself, illustrated, 4to, 5s.; coloured, 6s.—**Life in Christ: Four Discourses**, by E. White, 8vo, 7s. 6d.—**Antiquarian and Topographical Sketches of Hampshire**, by H. Moody, 12mo, 7s. 6d.—**Original Cornish Ballads**, by Mrs. Miles, post-8vo, 2s. 6d.—**Antiquities of Gairford**, by J. R. Walbran, Part I., 8vo, 5s.—**Christian Discipleship and Baptism: Eight Lectures**, by the Rev. C. Stovel, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—**The Customs of the Clans**, by J. S. Stuart and C. E. Stuart, fol. 6s. 6d.—**Memoir of the Rev. Samuel Dyer**, by Evan Davies, fcp. 4s. 6d.—**Sermons**, by John Campbell, D.D., and Rev. J. W. Richardson, fcp. 2s. 6d.—**Wesleyan Hymnology**, by W. P. Burgess, 2d edit. 18mo, 3s.—**The Evidences of Grace**, or, the Christian Character delineated, by Rev. W. Leask, 18mo, 1s. 6d.—**Account of the Change in Religious Opinion in Dinwiddie**, by Mrs. D. Thompson, post-8vo, 5s. 6d.—**Discoveries in Australia** in H. M. S. Beagle, by J. L. Stokes, 2 vols. 8vo, 31s.—**Life and Times of Right Hon. Henry Grattan**, Vol. V. 8vo, 14s.—**Simon's Principles and Practice of Levelling**, 3d edit. 8vo, 7s. 6d.—**Bp. Heber and Indian Missions**, by Rev. James Chambers, fcp. 2s. 6d.—**Babrius Fabulæ Aesopae**, edited by J. C. Lewis, post-8vo, 3s. 6d.—**Poems**, by Camilla Toutin, fcp. 8vo, 3s.—**The Fæderal Novelist**, Vol. IV. fcp. cloth, 2s.—**Moore's Pictorial Shakespeare**, Vol. I. 8vo, cloth, containing the Comedies complete, 5s.—**F. Walford's Laws of Railways**, 2d edit. 12mo, bds. 18s.—**H. Melville's Sermons**, Vol. I. 8vo, 6th edit. 10s. 6d.—**Rev. E. Bickersteth's Questions on Thirty-Nine Articles**, 2d edit. 4s.—**Rev. W. Cureton's Vindictive Ignatiana**, 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.—**M'Kenzie's Parables**, 7th edit. crown 8vo, bds. 8s.—**Ditto**, 2d series, 8s.—**M'Kenzie on Miracles**, 5th edit. 8s.—**M'Kenzie on Private Life**, 3d edit. 9 vols. post-8vo, 31s.—**The Marchioness of Brinvilliers**, by A. Smith, fcp. 6s.—**Forest Hill: a Tale of Social Life, 1830-31**, 3 vols. post-8vo, 11. 11s. 6d.—**The Way to Prayer**, by Martin Luther, small 4to, 3s. 6d.—**The Connection between Physiology and Intellectual Philosophy**, 3d edit. fcp. 3s. 6d.—**The Trial of Smith v. the Earl Ferrars**, 8vo, 7s. 6d.—**The History of the Monastery founded at Tyne-mouth**, Vol. I. half mor. 31s. 3s.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1846.	h. m. a.	1846.	h. m. a.
April 25 . . .	12 57 53.4	April 30 . . .	12 57 14.7
26 . . .	57 43.0	30 . . .	57 6.3
27 . . .	57 33.1	May 1 . . .	11 56 58.3
28 . . .	57 23.6		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—In the concluding line of *enigme* on the Suffolk-Street Gallery last week, for *ldo*, read *lda*.

Middlesex, on the Borders of Herts, 15 miles from London.

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LITERATURE AND ART.

THE NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIAN EXHIBITION, under the SPECIAL patronage of Her Majesty the QUEEN, PRINCE ALBERT, and QUEEN ADELAIDE, is NOW OPEN at the Large Room, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, daily, from Ten till dusk. Admission, 1s. This novel and splendid collection is a complete illustration of the Native and Scenery of Australia and New Zealand; together with 300 Portraits, from life, of the principal chiefs, with their families, by George French Angas, Esq., Specimens of Natural History, &c. A young New Zealand Chief stands in costume. "The most interesting exhibition of the season."—*Spectator*.

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THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—The FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING of Members will be held on Monday, the 27th instant, at the Rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, No. 48, Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, at which the attendance of Members is solicited, at 5 o'clock, p.m. precisely. By LAW XIII., no member can vote who has not paid his subscription for the current year, which, however, can be paid to the treasurer at the meeting. By order of the Council, 25th April, 1845. F. G. TOMLINS, Secretary.

*Persons desirous of obtaining information relative to the Society are requested to apply to Mr. Roid, the Society's Agent, No. 9 Great Newport Street, Long Acre.

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, WHITEHALL YARD. On WEDNESDAY, 29th April, at THREE O'CLOCK precisely, Commander E. GARDINER FISHBORNE, R.N., will commence a Course of FIVE LECTURES,—"On Naval Construction—Storage—and the Application of the Wave Form to Ships of War." L. H. J. TONNA, Secretary.

The ordinary Tickets to view the Museum will not admit parties to the Lectures. Every member may obtain Four Special Tickets for each Lecture by application to the Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.—The GALLERY, for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is open daily from TEN till FIVE. Admission, One Shilling; Catalogue, one Shilling. WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

INSTITUTE of the FINE ARTS.—A GENERAL MEETING of ARTISTS will be held on MONDAY, the 27th instant, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King Street, St. James's, at Eight O'CLOCK in the Evening, to consider what measures shall be adopted in reference to the Bill for the Legalisation of Art-Unions, now before Parliament. JAMES FAHEY, Sec. 3 Russell Place, Finsbury Square. THOMAS WATSON, Esq., M.P., will preside at the Seasonal Meeting this Evening (Saturday), at the Society of Arts, Adelphi.

THE CAMDEN SOCIETY, for the Publication of Early Historical and Literary Remains.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, for the Election of Officers, and other business, will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on Saturday, May 2d, at 3 o'clock; the Rt. Hon. the LORD BRAYBROOKE, the President, in the Chair.

Publications of the Society for the year 1845-6. Autobiography of Sir John Brampton, Knight, &c. Edited by the Rt. Hon. Lord Braybrooke, President of the Society. From the original in the possession of Thomas Williams Bramston, Esq., Member for Evesham. Inedited Letters of the Duke of Perth. From the originals in the possession of Lady Willoughby de Eresby. Edited by William Jordan, Esq., F.S.A., M.R.S.L. De Antiquis Legibus Libri: a Chronicle of the Mayors and Sheriffs of London, and of divers events of those times. Edited by Thomas Stapleton, Esq., F.S.A., from the Transcript made for the late Record Commission (for the use of which the Camden Society is indebted to the Rt. Hon. Lord Langdale, Her Majesty's Keeper of Records), collated with the Original as in the Archives of the City of London. The Chronicle of Calais, temp. Henry VIII. Edited by John Gough Nichols, Esq., F.S.A. Applications from Members who have not received their copies may be made to Messrs. Nichols, 25 Parliament Street, Westminster, from whom prospectuses of the Society (the annual subscription to which is 1s.) may be obtained, and to whose care all communications for the Secretary should be addressed.

THE NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS will OPEN their TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION on MONDAY next. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary. Gallery, 53 Pall Mall.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

On the 1st of May will be published, **THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.** No. IX.—MAY.

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